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CATHOLIC RECORD.

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CARDINAL CULLEN.

"I WONDER," said Dr. Doyle, when his clergy had assembled for the purpose of electing his successor, "I wonder will they have the good sense to elect that boy in Rome. He possesses every requisite qualification, even to being a native of this diocese." The young priest to whom Dr. Doyle referred was Dr. Cullen, then Rector of the Irish College in Rome. Dr. Doyle had been professor of theology in Carlow College, when he first became acquainted with the gifted young student, whose future celebrity he predicted with that keen penetration and far-sighted judgment for which he was celebrated. Genius with unerring instinct detects kindred genius. Great men are gifted with the faculty of discerning in aspiring youth the requisite materials for future eminence. Pius the Seventh predicted the elevation of Cardinal Castiglioni to the papal throne. The Rector of the Propaganda foretold the glorious episcopal career of the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. The illustrious J. K. L. had no difficulty in observing the young Levite, who was destined to wear the mitre, and wield the crosier. Car-

dinal Cullen still cherishes with grateful pride the kindness and encouragement which he received from Dr. Doyle, in Carlow College. "When I was very young," says his Eminence, "and commencing my studies in Carlow College, I had the happiness of knowing Dr. Doyle, then professor of theology in that noble and flourishing Catholic institution, and of enjoying his instructions, and receiving encouragement from his paternal kindness." He did not wear the mitre of the immortal Prelate whose eloquence, learning, and courage confounded the enemies of Ireland, but he was destined to be one of the most illustrious of the successors of St. Patrick and St. Malachy. His Eminence is a native of Kildare County, and was born on the 27th of April, 1803. He commenced his career as an ecclesiastical student in Carlow College, where his talents and industry soon attracted the attention of Dr. Doyle. In 1820 he set out for Rome, entered the College of the Propaganda, and prosecuted in that renowned seat of learning his studies with brilliant success. He was not the first son of Erin who

asserted the supremacy of Irish genius in the College of the Propaganda. Francis Patrick Kenrick, the future Primate of the United States, was just setting out for the New World, after having for seven years delighted and astonished by his learning and great intellectual power the professors in the Propaganda. Cardinal Cullen maintained as a student the honor and emulated the fame of young Kenrick. His public disputation, on the 3d of September, 1828, won the applause of Leo XII and the assembled College of Cardinals. At the early age of twenty-four he was raised to the first chair in the celebrated college with which his name will be ever inseparably associated. He was ordained priest in the year 1829, and became successively President of the Irish College in Rome, Rector of the Propaganda, and corrector of the press for political, ecclesiastical, and theological publications. While discharging his various and onerous duties, he found time to act as agent to the Irish Bishops in their relations with the Holy See. He thus became practically acquainted with the progress of religion in Ireland, and thoroughly conversant with the peculiar duties and responsibilities of an Irish prelate. He was high in the esteem of Gregory the Sixteenth, who bestowed upon Ireland the church and convent of St. Agatha as the future secular college for the education of the Irish secular clergy in Rome. It is unnecessary to inform Catholics at home or abroad that he has been and is still a personal favorite of our present saintly and venerable Pontiff, who appointed him Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate, in 1850. During his brief connection with the ancient see of St. Patrick, he presided at the Synod of Thurles—a synod which has conferred incalculable blessings upon the Irish people. Then, for the first time after centuries of persecution, the Church of Ireland

emerged as it were from the catacombs—full of life, and joy, and hope—beautiful as in those halcyon days, when the Christian bards of Europe sang her praises, and celebrated her glories.

In this National Council, Archbishop Cullen and his brother prelates solemnly condemned a system of education fraught with grievous and intrinsic danger to faith and morals, and resolved to found a Catholic University, which should be a pillar of Catholicity and an intellectual centre for the Catholics of the Irish race. He was translated to the archdiocese of Dublin on the 3d of May, 1852. He thus became the immediate successor of Archbishop Murray in the see of St. Lawrence O'Toole. On the 22d of June, 1866, Pius the Ninth created him a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, under the title of San Pietro in Montorio. His Eminence is the first Irishman ever elevated to the dignity of the Cardinalate. He was not, however, the first Cardinal with Irish blood in his veins. The mother of Cardinal Wiseman was an Irish woman, and the great Cardinal himself was Irish in every natural gift that made him great. His tour through Ireland showed how proud he was of his Irish blood, and how tenderly, how deeply he loved the Irish people. Cardinal Cullen's promotion to the sacred Purple was hailed with transports of joy and pride by the Catholics of Ireland. He was the first student of the Propaganda ever raised to the exalted dignity of a Prince of the Church. The fact that he was the first Irishman ever raised to a dignity so exalted, enhanced its value in the eyes of the people.

The noblest and most gifted in the land marked their appreciation of the honor conferred upon the glorious Church of Innisfail in the choice of the Holy Father. When his Eminence returned from Rome, his reception in Dublin was grand in

every particular. The leading representatives of the old Catholic nobility, of the learned professions of the religious orders, of the secular clergy, hastened to pay their tributes of respect and affection to the newly created Cardinal, and the muse of the greatest living Irish poet, Denis Florence McCarthy, in a beautiful congratulatory ode, gave fitting and musical expression to the general jubilation. But if the poet embalmed in imperishable verse an event so fraught with lasting interest to Ireland, in the history of the Irish Church, the chapter which records the life of Cardinal Cullen will adorn one of the brightest pages. Since his elevation to the Primacy twenty-four years ago, his episcopate has been productive of countless blessings to his native land. With the single exception of Archbishop MacHale, the Lion of the Fold of Judah, Cardinal Cullen is the most uncompromising advocate and most zealous champion of Catholic education in the British empire. The war which he proclaimed in the Synod of Thurles against godless education, or rather godless instruction—for education without religion is impossible—has not yet ceased. Among the Irish Bishops who denounced the Queen's Colleges, no voice rang out with such burning eloquence and terrible force as that of Cardinal Cullen. By aiding in establishing a National University for the education of the youth of Catholic Ireland, he gave a deathblow to those institutions which have been justly and truthfully called hot-beds of infidelity. The establishment of the Queen's Colleges, like the Charter Schools, he regarded as a fresh attempt to bribe the youth of Ireland into an abandonment of their religion. Sir Robert Peel, though a wily statesman, could not overreach him. His plausible scheme for giving a university education to young Irishmen of every religious denomination by excluding religion, might delude the unwary,

and mislead the unsuspecting; but, though framed with infernal skill, it could not deceive Cardinal Cullen, who detected, in its various provisions, its insidious designs. The Cardinal's opposition to the Queen's Colleges has been effective. They have failed to realize the object of their founder, and have carried with them the curse of barrenness. Galway College must soon be closed. Its halls are already empty, and its class-rooms deserted. The number of Catholic students in Cork Queen's College is rapidly decreasing. The fame of its President, Dr. Sullivan, cannot prolong its existence. Belfast College belongs to the Presbyterians; it is not patronized by Catholics. The mixed system has yielded to pure Catholic education. The idol of Baal has fallen headless at the threshold of truth, like the statue of Dagon before the ark of the covenant. The Catholic University is an established fact, and no matter what mistakes may have been made in its management, its ultimate success is as certain as is the triumph of truth.

An anti-Catholic government may still refuse a charter. The Lords of the treasury may still withhold an annual endowment; but its best endowment is the love of the people, and its noblest charter is the immortal principle on which it is founded—the principle of never surrendering to heresy—the principle of resisting to the last every attempt to force upon a Catholic nation any system of education, university, intermediate, or primary, which is not based upon the Catholic religion. Cardinal Cullen is the soul of the Catholic University—he is its truest friend and its most faithful guardian. He had opposition to meet, and obstacles to surmount in its establishment and management, but he was prepared for opposition, and difficulties could not intimidate him. He knew that a National University is not the sudden growth of an hour; that, like the oak, it requires time to

gather strength, and strike its roots into the earth deep and wide, and that a good beginning is half the battle, and popular support an omen of certain success. He sees in the establishment of the Catholic University a living protest against godless colleges, and a practical expression and embodiment of the views of his episcopal brethren and of the wishes of the Catholics of Ireland, respecting higher education. The Queen's Colleges were not the sole objects of his hostility. When he returned from Rome as Primate of Ireland, he found the national system of education firmly established, after having been in full operation for nearly twenty years. The author of this mixed system, the late Lord Derby, when introducing it, assured the Catholics of Ireland that under it their children would be free from the remotest danger of proselytism. The safeguards laid down by Lord Stanley were gradually withdrawn—the cloven foot appeared—and the boon which was considered by fawning place-hunters and contented slaves as the great panacea for the political and religious difficulties of Ireland turned out to be a gigantic contrivance for the wholesale perversion of Catholic youth. From the very beginning, Archbishop MacHale foresaw the evils of the system, and denounced them with characteristic zeal and courage. Catholic books were banished from the national schools.

And the only books used by eight hundred thousand Catholic children in these schools were compiled by the late Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, by Dr. Carlisle, a Presbyterian, and a few notorious perverts. No allusion to Irish history could be found in these books. Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Exile of Erin," was excluded by the anti-Catholic compilers; and I remember, when in Belfast a few years ago, a remarkable instance of insane bigotry and stupid prejudice on the part of the

Presbyterians, who expunged from one of the national class-books a sweet poem of Samuel Lover, because it contained a happy reference to Irish Catholic devotion:

"Her beads as she numbered,
The baby still slumbered."

Lover was a Protestant, but the national muse is not a bigot.

Cardinal Cullen warned his flock against the dangers of a system of primary education, whose patrons no longer disguised their hostility to the Catholic faith and to Irish nationality. He proved himself to be more than a match for its chief promoter, its Mephistophiles, the rationalistic Archbishop Whately, who fondly hoped that it "would undermine the vast fabric of Popery in Ireland." Dr. Whately was a man of an exact mind and varied attainments. An able and skilful logician, an accomplished rhetorician, he owed his promotion to his scholastic reputation in Oxford University and a bigoted work, entitled "The Errors of Romanism." He loved England, hated Ireland, advocated rationalism, and denied the fundamental mysteries upon which Christianity is founded. He was the most dangerous enemy of Irish nationality this generation has yet seen. He affected liberality, while he was straining every nerve to root out the old faith of Ireland, and extinguish every sentiment of patriotism in the breasts of her children. His bland smile, like sunshine on graves, had a "rank old heart" beneath it. The man who could coolly endeavor to subvert the faith of a suffering and persecuted people, a faith which was their pride, their glory, their hope, their consolation in every affliction, and, at the same time, regard Christianity as a myth, a pleasing fable for weak minds, must have been a fiend in human form—a prodigy of turpitude. Cardinal Cullen compelled the false prophet to raise the veil that concealed his dark designs against a nation's happiness and prosperity, and

reveal his true character to an astonished and outraged people. He scattered to the winds the league of oppression, cruelty, and craft, and saved his Catholic countrymen from a terrible national calamity—a calamity far worse than the famine of '46. The Cardinal's unceasing efforts have, to a great extent, purified the national system of education. Whatever improvements have been made in the system are chiefly due to his exertions. By patronizing the Christian Brothers in their publication of an excellent course of class-books, he compelled the anti-Irish Board of Education to make their school-books less anti-Catholic. By erecting purely Catholic schools in every convenient place in his diocese, he counteracted the evil influence of the so-called national schools. If mixed education, maintained and supported by the influence and patronage of the Crown and the gold of the treasury, has failed to denationalize the Irish people; if the Stanleys, Peels, and Whatelys have been defeated in their efforts to "anglicize" the education of the rising generation in Ireland; if official coercion, official corruption, and official diplomacy have not deadened national feeling and sentiment, Irish Catholics owe, next after God, these inestimable blessings to the noble exertions and pastoral vigilance of Cardinal Cullen and the Irish bishops.

Sixty thousand pupils are receiving a Catholic education in the diocese of Dublin. This number does not include the students of the Catholic University, Maynooth College, All-Hallows College, Holy Cross College, Terenure College, Black Rock College. The great diocese of New York, with all its wealth, has not thirty thousand pupils attending Catholic schools. As long as Catholic education makes such gratifying progress in Ireland, the British government cannot succeed in forcing upon the Catholic population any system of instruction calculated to shake their religious

convictions. Priests and people are of one mind on this great question of education, which will not only determine the wellbeing, but the very existence of society in the next generation. When we reflect upon the moral ruin which has swept with such fearful force over Spain, Italy, France, and Germany, the union of priests and people of Ireland presents to the world a glorious spectacle, "beautiful as the tents of Israel, terrible as an army in battle array."

We have briefly described Cardinal Cullen's efforts in the cause of education. His exertions in the cause of charity have been equally successful. We may safely assert that he has done more for charity in Dublin than any of his illustrious predecessors. He may be justly called the father of the poor. He does not despise poverty; he does not imitate the Protestant bishops, who prefer the loaves and fishes of the Established Church to the spirit of self-denial which never grows weary in promoting the glory of God and alleviating human suffering. Like St. Lawrence, he looks upon the poor as the treasures, as the wealth of the Church. He knows that the wants of the poor have called into existence many religious orders, whose labors and self-sacrifices, whose countless deeds of heroism are the glory of the Catholic Church. To educate the poor, to give their children a sound Christian training, to bring them up in good principles, to teach them the industrial arts, to reform the reckless, to shelter the homeless, to rescue the fallen, to protect fatherless and destitute children in danger of loss of faith, to tend and nurse the sick, in a word, to make provisions for every form of human suffering, has been his constant aim since he grasped with a steady hand the crossier of St. Lawrence O'Toole. To carry out to a successful issue his great work of charity, he summoned to his assistance many religious orders. Almost

every order in the Church is represented in his diocese. Seats of learning, asylums of charity, and temples of religion have risen as if by magic, under his paternal and vigorous administration. The hospital of the *Mater Misericordiæ*, when finished, will be one of the most splendid Catholic hospitals in Europe. It is the largest charitable institution erected by the Cardinal. The diocesan seminary of Holy Cross is a lasting monument of his zeal for higher education. Forty beautiful churches have been erected in the diocese of Dublin during his episcopate. Religious societies, sodalities, and confraternities, can be found in all the principal parishes. In truth, Dublin is a city of charities. "In Dublin, I will venture to assert," said the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, "there is scarcely a form of wretchedness that has not been provided for by Catholic charity, within our own generation. I own that, till I visited one after another, I had no idea of this wonderful variety of good works. A colossal virtue, indeed, must we pronounce the charity of Dublin. I believe I am within compass when I say, that the religious communities of women in the city and its neighborhood amount to eighty." Such is the cheering testimony of the late head of the Catholic Church in England. What a change in the short space of one hundred and thirty years! for this is a brief period in the life of a nation.

In 1743, Devonshire, the Viceroy of Ireland, issued a proclamation, offering one hundred and fifty pounds for the conviction of an archbishop or bishop, fifty pounds for the conviction of a priest, secular or regular, and two hundred pounds for the conviction of any person who was charitable enough to shelter a bishop. The cruelty of this edict, worthy of the pagan emperors, left no refuge for the persecuted priest and flock but the midnight mass on the mountain. De Burgo, the famous histo-

rian of the Dominican order in Ireland, has described in his great work, "*Hibernia Dominicana*," the sufferings of Irish Catholics in those evil days.

In 1744, a crowded congregation attended the celebration of mass, in an upper room, in a house on Cook Street, Dublin. The loft gave way, and the priest and nine members of his flock were crushed to death. This tragic occurrence excited the pity of liberal Protestants, and through the kind offices of the humane and courtly Chesterfield, Catholics were permitted to attend public worship in the few churches which they possessed at that time. Many persons still living remember the time when they heard mass in a thatched chapel near the spot where the beautiful cathedral stands at present in Marlborough Street. These are historical facts, new, perhaps, to many of our American readers. The wonderful progress Catholicity has made in the diocese of Dublin must be discouraging to the paid minions of Exeter Hall—the miserable proselytizers, whose hypocrisy Cardinal Cullen has so often and so fearlessly unmasked. We have called the Cardinal the father of the poor. He also loves his country, but his patriotism is practical. He is of opinion—and many good Irishmen share his opinion—that the wrongs of Ireland can be redressed by legal and constitutional means, that an abortive insurrectionary movement would only renew the oppression which became a proverb of infamy through the whole civilized world, and that the enlightened public opinion of the empire will do more for freedom than an undisciplined populace, no matter how patriotic and resolute they may be. Like Dr. Doyle, he would heal the wounds of his country, not aggravate her sufferings. Advanced nationalists think differently, but they ought to allow to opponents the same freedom of opinion which they claim for themselves.

Cardinal Cullen fills a high and responsible position, and no matter what may be our opinion of the prudence or wisdom of his denunciations of certain political disturbances in Ireland, it is admitted on all hands that he discharged, without fear or affection, what he conscientiously considered his solemn duties as head of the Irish Church. A man placed in his position, with the best motives and most honest intentions, cannot escape censure. The patriotic Bishop Doyle incurred, on a few occasions, the displeasure of O'Connell, and his approval of Earl Gray's coercion bill in 1833 made him very unpopular during the few months preceding his death. The excitement, however, soon died away, the great prelate's motives could not be long misrepresented, and despite the whispers of slander and envy, his fame will be one of the noblest heritages of his countrymen.

If Cardinal Cullen did not love his country, he would not be the generous patron of the gifted men whose learning and research have illustrated her annals, and shed new light upon her religious triumphs and literary glories. Are not Father Meehan and Father O'Hanlon his subjects? Were not Dr. Moran, the present learned and patriotic Bishop of Ossory, and Dr. Conroy, the eloquent Bishop of Ardagh, his secretaries? Who can forget that Denis Florence McCarthy, whose stirring muse has wakened into life the dead chivalry of the land, and Eugene O'Curry, the greatest Irish archæologist of the age, were appointed professors in the Catholic University with his sanction and approval? Nor did he confine his patronage to those of his own religion. He honored the late Dr. Todd and Dr. Petrie for their devotion and services to Celtic literature. Nothing could give him greater pleasure than to see the Catholic University produce a school of writers who would emulate the fame of Ireland's faithful sons in

other days—her Maguires, her Conrrys, her O'Clerys, her Waddings, her Colgans, her O'Dalys, her Lynchs, her Porters, her Moores, and De Burgos. Deeply read himself in Irish ecclesiastical literature, he would wish to see the glories of Lismore, Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, Bangor, and Glasnevin renewed in the cloistered hall of Maynooth.

His family has given distinguished ecclesiastics to the Irish Church, and brave men to the Irish cause, who sealed with their blood their devotion to their country in the dark and evil days of 1798. Some members of his family have devoted their services to the cause of their religion in this country. Sister Josephine Cullen, the second Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy in Pittsburg, was his niece, and another member of his family holds a high position in the order of the Christian Brothers.

He is one of the most learned theologians in the Irish Church. In his exact and profound knowledge of theology, canon law, ecclesiastical history, and the sacred Scriptures, he has no superior in the Sacred College. He is intimately acquainted with the literature and languages of Greece and Rome, and he can speak with ease and fluency the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. In his familiarity with Irish history and Irish ecclesiastical literature he rivals the immortal John of Tuam, the great and illustrious archbishop of the West, who has rescued from the grave of oblivion the sweet Celtic tongue of his forefathers, and shamed the foes of his country into respect for the language of Columba and Columbanus.

Cardinal Cullen has enjoyed several opportunities of displaying to advantage his vast intellectual treasures. His two orations in vindication of the papal infallibility before the fathers of the Vatican Council were so eloquent, exhaustive, and conclusive that over one hundred bishops, French, Spanish, English,

Irish, and American, assembled in the Irish College to congratulate him for the honor which he reflected upon his native land, and the services which he rendered to all Christendom. In one of the addresses, in which he refuted the objections urged against the dogma by the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague and the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, and which lasted two hours, he displayed such a rare combination of rhetorical skill, logical precision, metaphysical acumen, extensive research, and exact knowledge of the tradition of the Irish Church concerning the rights of the Holy See, that all opposition from Germany and Austria ceased, so deep was the impression which his invincible arguments produced in the council.

The Holy Father, who had frequently, on previous occasions, eulogized him for his eminent piety, virtue, learning, prudence, pastoral vigilance, and zeal, was delighted with the successful fidelity of his champion, and as a mark of his special approbation, and a memorial of his gratitude, presented him with a beautiful basso relievo in marble, representing our Lord preaching on the Mount. Thirty Irish bishops, representing the Irish race scattered over the globe, offered him, in a terse and expressive address, their heartfelt congratulations for his "most able and successful vindication of the rights of the Holy See, and the tradition of the Irish Church concerning them." "Your Eminence," said the Prelates, "truly represented on the occasion the faith and feelings of the Irish people, and we are proud of the manner in which you have testified to both." I do not speak in the language of adulation when I affirm that the learning which astonished the largest ecclesiastical assembly that the world has ever seen, an assembly in which one hundred and fifty bishops of the Irish race were present, was an honor to Ireland.

In the pulpit Cardinal Cullen is eloquent, forcible, and practical. He speaks without effort, and clothes his thoughts in language the most appropriate, beautiful, and commanding. The preacher whose knowledge is ample will not want words. Abundance of matter, says the greatest of Roman orators, produces abundance of words. *Rerum copia verborum copiam* gignit.

The Cardinal's pastorals, written with taste and elegance, breathe the very spirit of the sacred volume. They give an adequate picture of his familiarity with the sacred sciences, and, when collected and arranged in proper order, they will form a valuable contribution to Irish ecclesiastical literature during a very momentous period. His humility imparts a charm to his exalted position, and lends grace to his learning. It is only reasonable to suppose that his zeal and ability in elevating and advancing religion, his courage in denouncing anti-Catholic revolutionists on the Continent of Europe, his fidelity in upholding the supremacy of the See of St. Peter, have made him very influential with the present pontiff. The number of Irish ecclesiastics who have been raised by the Holy Father to the episcopal dignity upon the recommendation of Cardinal Cullen is very large, and his influence in this respect, generously and judiciously exercised, entitles him to the gratitude of the whole Irish race.

Such is the foremost man in the Catholic Church of Ireland—the great prelate and prince cardinal who fills a vast space in the public eye—the Godfrey de Bouillon of the gallant band of good and true men who wage unceasing war against infidelity and irreligion, who battle valiantly against the errors and gigantic evils of the age, who guard with sleepless vigilance the faith of a people whose sufferings and fidelity will ever command the sympathies and admiration of mankind.

THE KING AND THE SLAVE.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

'Tis told somewhere in an Eastern story,
The tale of a king,
Who once, in the prime of his pomp and glory,
Did a strange thing.

A thing so mad in its melancholy,
That many a sheik
Laughs as he tells his sons the folly
Of King Bal-zeek.

He called, one day, from his myriad minions,
A wretch of a slave,
And, in spite of the court's and the queen's opinions,
To him he gave

Complete control of the royal realm,
And absolute power
To rule, as a king, at the nation's helm,—
For one brief hour.

The crown and the robe and the regal tunic
Were put upon him,
And the king himself, as the veriest eunuch,
Attended on him.

And silvery sweet from mosque and tower
The chimes did ring,—
The king was slave for one short hour,
The slave was king !

II.

But how did the crowned and jewelled actor
His liege repay?—
Lo ! with his heel on his benefactor,
He cried : “ *To-day,*

“ *I, as a monarch, deal destruction
To this vile thing !
Seize on him, slaves !*”—and without compunction
They slew the king !

III.

Deep in the sea of the allegory
 Lies the coral,
 Deep in the heart of this Eastern story
 Lies a moral.

Slaves are we, by a gracious Sovereign
 Called from naught,
 Not for an hour alone to govern
 A world of thought,

But crowned for a lifetime, crowned and sceptred,
 To rule (vast scheme !)
 O'er the world and the flesh and the subtle tempter
 In power supreme.

With the precious oil of a sacred chrism
 Our Liege anointed
 The regal garb of a blest baptism
 To us appointed ;

And leaving the heavenly court and castle,
 The King who saves
 Hath made Himself the humblest vassal
 Of us poor slaves.

IV.

And what return have we made *our* Master ?
 Have heart and blood
 Beat 'neath our borrowed robes the faster
 With gratitude ?

Alas ! alack ! O base dishonor !
 O outraged Throne !
 We have set our heel on the royal Donor
 Of all we own !

We have cried aloud to our passions : " Seize Him !
 And Sin shall reign !"—
 Weep, till our tears of blood appease Him,
 Our King is slain !

(GOOD FRIDAY, 1875.)

JOHN MAITLAND'S PRAYER.

I.

"Threads in the web of life."

SUNDOWN is situated on the Delaware. Its citizens delight in calling it a town, but impartial visitors, who have no fear of the inhabitants before their eyes, talk of it as a village. Its public buildings—of which the Sundowners are immensely proud—consist of two churches, a hall, a jail, and the long wooden pier, at which the steamboats stop daily on their way down. This pier is the first object that catches your eye from the river; behind it are thin fringes of houses, and beyond that, orchards and well-kept farms.

On days when the wind blows up from the ocean, the air is full of Atlantic freshness, and the miniature waves that wash the narrow beach up to the roots of the bordering trees, are capped with real sea-foam.

No sounds of busy trade mar the quietness, though occasionally a deputation of noisy sailors are sent from some brig or oyster boat, to secure a relay of pork and biscuits from the grocery store, at which anything you don't want can always be obtained.

John Maitland lives in Sundown. His uncle, Andrew McVeigh, is decidedly the greatest man in the place, for he has been in the legislature of his native State, he has the loudest voice, the most money, and the finest house and garden in Sundown—gifts which inspire the Sundowners with respect and awe. Not finding in his natal place an opening for work worthy of his ambition, John Maitland secured a position as bookkeeper to a prosperous and influential firm in the opposite city of Swedeston. He crosses the river twice every day in a superannuated steamer, which would go to pieces if it were not too old even for that exertion.

John Maitland is tall and handsome, and the outdoor life of his boyhood—Sundown boys are amphibious animals—has given him that athletic development that Americans too often lack. Looking at his face, as he sits this bright spring-day in the office of Seth Wills & Co., you cannot help thinking that it is the face of an honest man. In his eyes, even now when he tilts back his high stool in earnest thought, there slumbers a spark of laughter; his mouth is too mobile, perhaps, too ready to express either anger, scorn, or good-nature, as circumstances demand. His face tells you that he is sincere, frank, impetuous, and it may be a little satirical, but it also tells you that he needs some rough discipline to teach him self-control.

John Maitland is past twenty-five; this year "the firm" has raised his salary to two thousand, and intimated that he will be offered a partnership in time. On the strength of this, he has asked Grace Lynch, the prettiest and sweetest girl in Sundown, the question. In consequence of her answer, he has built a gem of a cottage down by the Delaware; the wedding day is only two weeks off, and he is now thinking about the bill for furniture. Mr. Kenzie, the upholsterer, has just left him.

"My dear Maitland," Kenzie said, "I know I am asking an unwarrantable favor, and doing an unwarrantable thing in presenting a bill before I have entirely finished a job, but I am awfully 'hard up;' a batch of unexpected payments have to be made, and if you would let me have a hundred on account."

"If I could, I would, but I can't, you see." And John Maitland tossed his pocket-book in the air. "Empty. There is a tight little sum due me here, but I can't draw it till Monday. Will Monday do?"

"I'm afraid not," said Kenzie, his countenance falling; "I must have it to-morrow at the latest. Good day."

"I wish I *could* help him," thinks John Maitland, falling into a reverie made up of "ways and means." He is so deeply immersed in thought that he does not see a sunburned stranger who enters. The stranger drops his portmanteau, and throws back his Ulster overcoat; then he takes a survey of the little office, and smiles.

"Have the cares of matrimony already begun to oppress, my brother *in futuro*?"

"Why, Will Lynch!—Will, old boy!" exclaims John, starting up, and shaking the stranger by both hands. "How—when—from whence on earth did you come here? I thought you were in Rome!"

"So I was until lately; but the *Echo* wants a correspondent to go to some festival in Iceland, or Greenland, or somewhere, and so I have been recalled, with orders to report at the editorial rooms in New York to-day. And I go, like Cicero—isn't?—but to return—some time."

"You have been over at Sundown?"

"Oh, yes, all the morning. Dear old Aunt Bridget, who used to scold me awfully when I brought home stray dogs, and ask me where I expected to go to, when I came into the parlor with unwiped shoes, went into an ecstasy of joy, and as for Grace—dear little Grace! She'll make you a good wife, John, and I think you can be trusted with her."

"You *think*!" echoes John, in a perfectly indescribable tone.

"Well, I *know*, then. At any rate, 'pray accept my blessing,' as the little old woman says in Bleak House. By the way, did you know that Father Augustin, the dear old director of studies at Notre Dame—how indignant our false quantities used to make him!—is stationed at the church in Sundown? I met him in the street."

"No. I haven't been at church

there lately. When I do go to Mass—which is only now and then—I go to one of the churches in Swedeston."

Will Lynch gives him a scrutinizing look. "*When* you do go to Mass. Two years must have greatly changed you, John."

"Well," says John Maitland, with a slightly embarrassed laugh, "between business and other things, one finds such little time, and so many things to think of. In fact, I'm afraid I am growing rather careless."

Lynch makes no reply at once. He is thinking and mentally weighing Grace's influence against the possibility of this carelessness becoming indifferentism and utter unbelief.

"Grace would make a saint of anybody," he says aloud, with a half sigh. "I had a conversation with your uncle to-day. He was very kind, very kind. I always was a favorite of his, you know; indeed, I don't know how I could ever have gone to college, after father's death, if it had not been for his assistance. Andrew McVeigh is certainly one of the worst-tempered of men, and yet one of the most generous. We had a long talk; but he did not allude to your marriage. Are you on quite good terms?"

"No," answered Maitland, frowning and digging his pen nervously into the lid of the desk. "No. He is acting very meanly, I think, and since I told him so, we have scarcely spoken. I am his only relative living, and he tells everybody that I am to be his heir, and yet—would you believe it?—he actually refuses to advance a dollar towards—towards our housekeeping."

Will Lynch cannot suppress a smile as he observes the mixture of dignity and awkwardness with which his friend enunciates "our housekeeping."

"And," continues Maitland, "though he admires and respects Grace, he would prefer that I should

marry a Protestant, or, at least, he has a prejudice against her religion."

"His sister—your mother—was a convert, a very fervent Catholic, and he has always been indifferent to all forms of religion. It is singular, but such extremes—faith and lack of faith—often occur in modern families. There are Dr. Newman and his brother, for instance."

"Yes," returns Maitland, who has not heard a word of this. "My uncle says that we must begin life economically. 'If you can't afford to get married,' he said, 'don't. Two young people starting out into life ought to be satisfied with necessities.' He has no heart, except for money."

"He appears to have a great deal of sense."

"Only a moment ago I had to refuse Kenzie,—you know Kenzie, he was in our class?—I had to refuse Kenzie a hundred dollars on a furniture bill I will owe him in a short time, just because I hadn't the money!"

"A very sufficient reason. But good-by, old fellow, I must be off, or I'll lose the train. I regret that I can't be on hand for the wedding, but duty, you know. Good-by. Oh, I forgot!" And Will Lynch threw an envelope on the desk. "That's for you, in honor of the great occasion. Take good care of Grace! God bless you both!"

Lynch shakes his friend's hand violently, grasped his portmanteau, and leaves the office like a flash.

Maitland watches him, and then goes to work at his books; but times are dull, and before the clock has struck three he has nothing to do.

Suddenly he remembers Will Lynch's envelope. It has already been torn open, he notices, and he has merely to take out the three one hundred dollar greenbacks which it incloses.

"Generous-hearted Will!" murmurs John Maitland, a haze coming between him and the notes. "I am

sure he can ill afford it. I must manage to repay him somehow. Just now, however, the money is remarkably convenient. It will pay Kenzie's bill, and buy that carpet for the sitting-room Grace admired so much, and which her aunt thought we could not afford. I'll go and see Kenzie at once."

Having gone into the back office and made sure that "the firm" had no further need of his services, he starts for Kenzie's, but the sound of a bell informs him that the Sundown steamer is at the wharf. This being the case, he forgets all about Kenzie, and turns to go over to Sundown to have a talk with Grace.

As the rickety machine shakes and struggles through the water, somehow or other, he thinks of the old story of Hero and Leander, and wonders whether he would have the courage to swim across to the lady of his love if there were no superannuated steamer.

Light, pleasant, careless thoughts; flowers on the brink of a precipice!

II.

"There are more things wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—(*Morte d'Arthur.*)

THE cottage in which Grace Lynch and her aunt Bridget live is on the main street of Sundown—the street which runs down to that work of architectural beauty, the pier. This cottage is a small, frame, chocolate-colored house, with a veranda and a tiny lawn in front. The structure looks so fragile that one would not be surprised to hear of its being bodily carried away by a pair of muscular burglars; but Aunt Bridget covers her slight doors and windows with bolts, chains, and bars, for Will, being a prominent man on the staff of the enterprising *Echo*, is seldom at home, and Aunt Bridget, though as an old maid she pretends to hate the male sex, does not like the idea of having "no man about the house."

On this afternoon Aunt Bridget has gone to church, for Father Au-

gustin is holding the Forty Hours' Devotion, and Grace, having given all her music lessons and made her visit, is sitting before the piano, which, small as it is, fills half the room.

Grace is not beautiful; it is true she has the dark-blue eyes and luxuriant black-brown hair of her mother, who was the prettiest girl in all Galway, but she lacks color, while the cheeks of her aunt, who is sixty-three at least, yet bear the ruddy bloom given them by Irish air. Grace is gentle and sweet, but a trifle too thoughtful-looking for a girl; she deserves her name, for every action is stamped with that nameless quality which proclaims the perfect gentlewoman.

She is singing, playing a low minor accompaniment. Her voice glides from the *Stabat Mater* into the *Dies Iræ*.

"There is sorrow in the air," she murmurs dreamily; "to-day I can play nothing but songs of sadness." She changes her accompaniment and tries a favorite song:

"Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears—
May never repay your pleading—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not *that* you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

"Good enough, Miss Grace!" cries a piping treble voice from the garden. "Good enough! Give us something livelier!"

Grace goes to the window and sees a small freckle-faced boy, with very bright saucy eyes, partially concealed by the hanging rim of a dilapidated straw hat. The boy holds one hand tightly on the breast of his buttoned-up jacket, under which some bulky object is hidden, and plants his feet into the very heart of a bed of young pansies.

"Oh, it's you, Chip." Grace smiles, and then says sternly, "Get off the grass!" Chip obeys. "Have you studied the Catechism lesson I gave you?"

Apparently, Chip is not eager to answer that question.

"Oh, Miss Grace, you sing nearly as well as the lady I heard once at a circus. Did you ever go—"

"Have you studied that lesson?"

"Oh, Miss Grace, Jonas Brown caught sixty crabs this morning!" Grace cannot help smiling. The Sundown boys, and men, too, say cra-a-a-bs, with an accent on the "a" like the crackling of thorns.

"Do you know your lesson?"

"Well," answers Chip, reluctantly, "well!—oh, Miss Grace, I shot a hawk, and nearly brought down—"

"Shot a hawk!" exclaims Grace, alarmed. "I hope John hasn't trusted you with a gun."

"I hadn't a gun," says Chip, clutching the object under his jacket, and very anxious to evade this new subject of conversation. "The steamers's in!—and here comes Mr. John!"

Chip knows that this diversion will be most effective. Grace, with a happy light in her eyes, goes down to the gate, to meet him,—John Maitland.

"How do you do, Chip? Idle as usual, I see. Really, Grace, I am afraid you are spoiling this imp of mischief. Look here, Chip, you were in my room yesterday; I know it by the way I found everything in disorder. If I catch—"

Chip utters a howl, for Nemesis has reached him. A stiff, slight, white-haired man on horseback has just turned from the lane into the street. He has dismounted, and with three or four stealthy steps reaches the gate at which the three are standing. His riding-whip whistles in the air, and strikes Chip's back.

"Is this the way you waste my time, boy?" the old man cries, his cold blue eyes blazing with anger. "Hey? I sent you with an important message at eight o'clock this morning, and I haven't seen you since. I'll teach you!" The whip

descends again, but Chip jumps over the low fence, and escapes.

"Really, uncle, I don't think Chip has done anything—"

"It is not your affair, John Maitland!" exclaims Andrew McVeigh, turning fiercely, and shaking the whip at his nephew. "I tell you it is not your affair. You have spoiled that rascally urchin, until he has become as ungrateful as yourself! Yes, I repeat it, ungrateful," continued the old man, glad to have an object, Chip failing, on which to pour the vials of his wrath. "I have fed, lodged, and educated you; I have treated you as a son, and now you insist on bringing a Papist into the family, as if your mother, though religion could not spoil her, wasn't enough!"

"I can't stand this, even from *him*," mutters John Maitland between his set teeth, his face whitening with suppressed anger. "Grace, leave us."

"I've nothing to say against her personally, and I've told her that before," interrupts the old man; "but I don't see why our family—your grandfather, John Maitland, fought under William at the Boyne—should be so fond of Catholics. It's just your confounded, pigheaded, obstinate desire to offend me!"

In justice to Andrew McVeigh, it must be said that he does not mean more than one-half of what he says. He has had a day of disappointments, and his temper is worse than usual.

"You have thwarted me whenever you could, John Maitland, and I may repay you yet by cutting you off with a shilling, even if I have to leave my money to a papist!" And the inconsistent old man gives his whip a vicious flip which, either by accident or design, makes a red mark on his nephew's cheek. Then, chuckling, he walks slowly from the garden, takes his horse's bridle, and proceeds down the street.

John Maitland, gasping with rage, looks after him.

"I could kill him where he stands!" he mutters, hoarsely. "I will! I will!"

"John!" Grace lays her hand on his arm, and then shrinks back. Fury has changed her hero into a demon. She feels powerless. She sees the golden cross of St. Paul's glowing in the sunlight, and the sight inspires her. "John," she says, pointing with her hand, "go, if you love your soul; if you love me, go, and kneel before our Lord! He alone can save you from your passion!"

John Maitland stands irresolute, and then, as the echo of her pleading accents enters his brain, he starts forward with hurried strides towards St. Paul's, without looking to the right or to the left, and keeping his hands clutched on his breast as if to strangle the murderous thoughts within him. If Andrew McVeigh could see him now, he would feel sure that, however much in other things his nephew may have departed from the principles of his ancestors, he at least possesses the family temper in perfection.

All is silent within the little wooden chapel. There is a worshipper here and there among the rough benches, and two acolytes, in black and white, kneel before the Most Blessed Sacrament. A faint breeze enters with John Maitland and stirs the laces on the altar and the candle-flames. He walks into the "dim religious light" from the glaring sunshine without, and finds himself in a new world of Faith, Love, and Adoration. The subtle scent of the early flowers on the altar mingles with the odor of incense whose soul has flown to heaven, and brings back to his mind the morning of his first communion. He kneels, and breathes a loving, contrite prayer, taking no note of time.

His old friend, Father Augustin, whom he knew in his college days, has seen him enter. Father Augustin stands just behind the altar

and watches him. Four o'clock strikes.

"Father," whispers a small boy, who wears a black cassock, "Father, it's four o'clock, and the two O'Briens have been out in the Sanctuary since three. It's our turn now."

"Let me see." The priest refers to a small note-book. "'The O'Brien brothers from three until four; John Denver and Miles Jones from four until five.' Yes, it is your turn, Miles. Go on."

As the acolytes are changing, the sleeve of little Miles Jones's surplice brushes against a candle. In an instant the light muslin is in flames. John Maitland quietly bends over the railing, and before the boy is aware of it, crushes out the fire between his hand. This has not taken a minute, and John Maitland resumes his prayer; but the boy will never forget the incident.

Nearly an hour passes before John Maitland rises from his knees, and then catching sight of Father Augustin, he goes into the sacristy to speak to him. The priest is very glad to see his old friend and pupil, but he has little time to spend in talk.

"I am going down to Maryland," he says, as they shake hands at parting, a few minutes after the clock has struck five, "on a mission. I shall start this evening; but I hope to return in a month or two, and then we will finish our chat about the old days at Notre Dame."

John Maitland leaves the chapel, and the demon of wrath that possessed him has fled. He shudders now as the shadows of his thoughts of an hour ago cross his mind. He wonders that such strange madness could have been evoked by the querulous words of a weak old man.

The evening breeze is beginning to blow from the river, and the whole west is a gorgeous crimson and gold picture of blended clouds and water. He strolls along the beach. In one spot he sees several men standing around a small pool in the sand. Is

it the sun's light that makes it crimson?

He approaches, and they draw together, whispering, "Here he is." One of them comes out from the others, and says:

"I arrest you for the murder of Andrew McVeigh!"

John Maitland laughs incredulously. His eye falls on the pool. It is blood.

III.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And Right the day must win."

At about half-past four o'clock, Andrew McVeigh had been found dead by three farm-laborers on the beach near Sundown. These men were repairing fences on land near the river, but shut out from view of it by a thick fringe of bushes that ran all along the beach. They had heard the report of a pistol, followed by a succession of loud groans. Almost simultaneously breaking through the hedge, they had seen Andrew McVeigh lying upon the sand, a stream of blood flowing from his side, under the left shoulder. His groans grew more tremulous and fainter. He could not speak. Before they could raise him he was dead. His horse stood some distance up the beach.

At the water's edge, wet by the ebbing tide, lay a revolver with all its barrels empty. On a tiny silver plate in the side of this weapon were the words "*John Maitland, from W. Lynch.*"

The sand was covered with footprints, but as the spot where the murdered man had been found was a favorite bathing and "crabbing" place of the Sundown boys, this went for nothing. And at the inquest the jury rejected the idea of suicide with contempt, and brought in the verdict that Andrew McVeigh came to his death at the hands of his nephew, John Maitland.

The following facts came out at the inquest:

Andrew McVeigh had remained a few minutes at a sale of real estate which had taken place at the Sundown Hotel. The auctioneer testified that he had left the hotel shortly after four o'clock. A bystander, Seth Standen, Chip's father (by the way)—an inveterate loungeur, who, always attends sales and other free entertainments—swore that he had seen the deceased proceed towards the river, leading his horse. After that, Andrew McVeigh had never been seen alive, except by his murderer and the three laborers in those brief moments immediately preceding death.

On John Maitland's person was found an envelope containing three hundred dollars. The envelope was addressed, "Andrew McVeigh, Present." This envelope had been torn open at the end. Eli Woodbury, a drygoods merchant, of Ironborough, a town some miles from Sundown, proved that he had paid the three hundred dollars to the deceased on the day of the murder for a quarter's rent of his store. He produced the receipt. Having been called out on business, he had placed the money in the envelope, written Andrew McVeigh's name on it, and given it to his clerk.

Mr. Kenzie testified that early in the afternoon of the 16th instant—the day of the murder—John Maitland had refused to pay his bill, or rather accommodate him, with one hundred dollars, on account of want of funds.

Rebecca Plummer, who lives next door to the Lynch cottage, affirmed that she had heard John Maitland and his uncle quarrelling in Miss Bridget Lynch's garden. She could not hear the words they had used, but she had seen him (the uncle) strike his nephew with a whip. Charles Chippeway Sunden, *alias* "Chip," and Miss Grace Lynch had been witnesses to the quarrel.

Chip was missing. He had not been visible in Sundown since the day of the murder. His straw hat

had been washed up by the tide, down at the cove. He had lived with John Maitland and his uncle as "general utility," indulged by one, tyrannized over by the other, and half civilized by the efforts of Grace Lynch. It was intimated that Chip had been "made away with" by the murderer, in order to destroy evidence. Seth Sunden, however, took the loss of his boy very philosophically. Sympathizing Sundowners gave him more drinks than usual, and, after a certain number of glasses, he seems to find vague comfort in the time-honored axiom to the effect that "boys will be boys—they always land on their feet."

Grace Lynch's evidence was not taken at the inquest. She was too ill to attend. The scene in the garden had agitated her, and followed by this terrible shock, had thrown her into a brain fever.

Days, weeks, months have passed. The trial comes on. It takes place at Ironborough. Letters and letters have been sent to Will Lynch. No answer has been received. Chip has not appeared. The only new witness of importance is Grace Lynch. The poor girl is assisted to the stand. She is pale and trembling—a ghost of her former self. The buzz of many suppressed voices, the sea of upturned faces make her giddy. She dares not look towards John. Oh, surely this is her sorrow's crown of sorrow!

The prosecuting counsel draws from her the story of the quarrel, slowly, painfully. John Maitland leans half over the railing of the dock, his heart and soul in his eyes. The counsel asks his fifth question.

Grace's lips whiten, and she presses her teeth into them. She *will* not answer. There is a dead silence.

"Spare her!" cries John, fiercely. "Spare her! I will tell you what I said! I said: 'I could kill him where he stands! I will! I will!' Those were my words."

"Were those his words?" asked the lawyer, apparently pitiless.

Grace does not heed him. The look of tender love and pity in John Maitland's eyes goes to her heart. She utters a heartbroken sob, and falls senseless into Aunt Bridget's faithful arms.

The prisoner's lawyer, a man whose reputation has years ago outgrown his abilities, makes a florid speech. He has been sacrificing everything to the preparation of this speech all through the trial. He impresses the jury. He shows them what fearful odds are against him, and how gallantly he struggles to overcome them. His speech grows more and more brilliant; but he forgets the prisoner. To-morrow the newspaper will call it "a telling speech" and "a masterly effort," and John Maitland will know that he has selected for his advocate the one lawyer, of a thousand, who could fail to save him.

The verdict is given clear and loud: GUILTY.

John Maitland smiles bitterly. "And this is man's justice!"

"You have come North just in time, Father Augustin," says John Maitland, "for in another week you may write at the end of my record, 'non est inventus.'"

"In another week!" Father Augustin wipes his spectacles, and glances around the narrow cell in the Ironborough jail. "In another week!"—

"I must die,—but, believe me, Father, among the sins I will confess to you to-night murder will not be."

"I do believe you. There is some horrible mistake. I heard no word of this until I arrived in Sundown this morning."

"Those papers on the table contain a full account of the trial. While you look them over I will finish this letter."

Half an hour passes. No sound

breaks the stillness except the rustling of Father Augustin's papers and the scratching of the prisoner's pen.

"My dear boy," at last says Father Augustin, with a smouldering excitement in every movement, "you and your lawyer have acted like a pair of fools. It is unpleasant, but true. Had you no memory? Had he no—he ought to be ashamed of himself! Why did he not attempt to prove an *alibi*? Attend. From this report of the trial I gather the following: On that fatal 16th your uncle was seen alive at about ten minutes after four P.M. He was found dead at half-past four. Now, attend. *You were in St. Paul's Church, at Sundown, either kneeling before the altar or talking to me in the sacristy, from four o'clock P.M. until five.* I will swear to it! You shall have a new trial, my boy. Thank God! Thank God!"

"My prayer! my prayer! I had forgotten it, and it will save me." John Maitland buries his face in his hands to hide the tears in his eyes. Sorrow could not wring them from him, but joy has done it. He tears up the letter, for it is a farewell to Grace.

Father Augustin never loses time, and now it is doubly valuable. He moves heaven and earth to save John Maitland's life. Hope, suspense, despondency, alternate in the prisoner's mind, but the priest does not despond; he has too much to do. At last the demands of red tape are satisfied. A reprieve and a new trial are granted. Two witnesses, Father Augustin and little Miles Jones, of Swedeston, who knew nothing about the former trial, triumphantly prove an *alibi*, and John Maitland walks out of court a free man, saved by his prayer!

John Maitland finds that his uncle, eccentric to the last, left a will, bearing the date of that terrible 16th, bequeathing all his estate, without reserve, to his esteemed young friend,

William Lynch. But he, the heir presumptive, is content; he is innocent, he is free, he has Grace; for Father Augustin married them three days after the second trial. The Swedeston firm still trusts him, although Will Lynch has not yet turned up to corroborate his statement about the three hundred dollars, and his great sorrow has left him a wiser and a better man. Grace is sweeter and brighter than before, and the two are as happy as human beings can be "in this valley of tears."

Returning from High Mass at St. Paul's, one Sunday, late in autumn, John and Grace hear strange voices in their little sitting-room. Aunt Bridget is crying and laughing by turns, accompanied by the running commentary of a ringing bass voice. Of course, Grace at once jumps to the conclusion that the house is being robbed. She is agreeably amazed, however, to find her brother Will and Chip amiably "finishing" one of Aunt Bridget's ample lunches. Will looks much the same; but Chip has grown taller and thinner, more freckled, and exceedingly forlorn in appearance.

"Aunt Bid has told me everything," cries Will, when the greetings are over. "I never received your letters. When I had completed the *Echo* business, I started as companion and secretary to an English traveller, on a rather straggling and uncertain tour; that probably accounts for the failure of your letters. And so they brought the money as evidence against you! I'll tell you how it came into my possession. Your uncle, as you know, entertained a strange liking for me. Well, I happened to meet him on the 16th, just before I saw you, John, and I told him that I was about to start on a long journey. At first he spoke in his usual hot and inconsistent way, and then he became very kind. He pressed that envelope into my hand, saying, 'Take this; it is only

a part of what is to come.' He forced me to keep it, and so I thought it would make a nice wedding present for you. Now, Chip, clear up *your* mystery." But Chip's mouth is very full at this particular moment, and Will considerably gives him time. "I picked up Chip in Philadelphia. I found him selling papers, and glad enough he was to come home. How do you like selling papers, Chip?"

"Too much competition," answers Chip, gravely.

Chip's story is not long. He had entertained for some time within his breast an ardent desire. It was to shoot certain prowling hawks and crows. In order to fulfil this design he waited for an opportunity to borrow clandestinely John Maitland's revolver. On the morning of the 16th, John cleaned the pistol, loaded it, and carelessly left it on his bureau. This was Chip's chance. John usually left his door open, and Chip, when his master had gone, secured the revolver. With it he shot the unfortunate hawk of which he spoke to Grace, and during his interview with her, it was the object he concealed under his jacket. After he had escaped from Andrew McVeigh's castigation, he ran down to the beach, and in blissful ignorance he was levelling the one remaining charge at another crow, when McVeigh suddenly grasped his collar. The frightened boy turned, and the charge took effect in the poor old man's side. Chip dropped the pistol and ran down to the cove. There was a schooner lying there. Chip, half dead with terror, hid himself among the barrels on deck. The crew coming on board at night-fall were a little "confused" by their sojourn on shore, and when they discovered him—which happened when the schooner was many miles from Sundown—they made him work hard. Chip's vicissitudes had subdued him considerably, and he is indeed very glad to get home..

"I will send you to school, Chip," says Will Lynch, "when we have induced the authorities to hear your story. And now fill your glasses with Aunt Bridget's currant wine. I drink to the health, long life, and

happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland!" And every day since that eventful 16th those two kneel at the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving for John Maitland's prayer.

MIRACULOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

"See where she stands! a mortal shape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity;
The motion which may change, but cannot die,
An image of some bright eternity."—SHELLEY.

"I KNOW that you still claim miraculous manifestations for your Church," said a friend, while discussing the question of revealed religion; "but that is clear nonsense. The age of miracles has passed, and exists only in the wild brains of fanatical monks, or is the result of the morbid, ascetic dreamings of some of those women who immolate themselves in convent-cells, and spend their lives in imaginary converse with the Lord. Young women must find some outlet to their love of sentiment and romantic dreamings; so, if the natural course is debarred them, a species of religious frenzy is the result."

My friend herein only expressed the common belief among Protestants; a belief which is the cold result of casting away the precious gems of an interior life, when, in the mystic silence of the chosen cell, the voice of God is heard, as he is wont to speak to his beloved alone. And yet what an inconsistency this is; as if the arm of God could ever lose its might, or his power be circumscribed. Every age finds its parallel, and history repeats itself forever. Why, then, should not circumstances arise in the new order, as well as in the old, wherein God should see time and occasion for some striking manifestation of his power, whereby some

purpose, some result, known to himself alone, may be attained? We open the pages of the Old Testament, and read with awe, blended with faith, the marvellous works therein related. All denominations give their unquestioning assent thereto; but tell them, in these days, of a miraculous revelation, of the restoration of some hopeless invalid, through the power of prayer alone, no matter how incontestable the evidence may be, yet all is at once ascribed to the magic force of popish superstition. And yet a little calm, dispassionate investigation will prove that the mysticism which still hallows the ancient revelations was but the foreshadowing of what (though in a limited degree) should dawn with the Christian era. The operations of the Holy Spirit that we have since been required to witness and believe, bear scarcely a comparison with the overwhelming wonders that were crowded into the forty years of life while travelling through the wilderness, "when the majesty of the Lord abided with the people in a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."* When, as perpetuated in the beautiful canticle of Moses: "The raiment with which thou wert covered, hath not decayed for age, and thy feet are not worn in this the forty years."†

* Exod. 11: 32.

† Deut. 8: 4.

For us there blooms now no rod of Aaron, "whose buds swelling, it bloomed blossoms, which, spreading its leaves, were formed into almonds."* What would the scoffing skeptic of the nineteenth century say, should one of our old battlefields present the miracle of the plain of dry bones, or witness any other of the marvellous miracles that were of daily occurrence in the life of the Prophet Eliseus? But all who are conversant with the history of those days, know how forcibly and vividly those God-voices rang throughout those primitive ages of creation. As then, so now does it ring,—deep, clear, and resonant for those who, like Heli and Samuel, are ready to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." All of life is a miracle; and there are silent and secret signs given, at times, to some chosen ones, who, like Mary, keep them locked in their own hearts. Even for little children has the veil at times been lifted, and the mysteries lying beyond been revealed. Bearing closely upon this affirmation, and corroborating it, I will here relate an incident for the benefit of the incredulous and scoffing, which occurred in the life of a child, when about six years old, and who now, though a grandmother, has never related the circumstance but once before this, always feeling, when inclined to do so, that it was like exposing to desecration some hallowed, sacred shrine. When travelling, many years ago, from Canada to the southern part of the State of New York (a long journey in those days), owing to the extreme illness of the father of the family, they were detained in a wayside town. The gentleman's illness becoming alarming, a priest was sent for, and early next morning he came to administer the *Viaticum*. Now, the little girl in question had never received any instruction, upon any point whatever, connected with this great mystery; not the slightest idea

of its material form or spiritualized substance, were known to her. At the hour appointed, she was told by her mother, that if she would be good, keep quiet, and kneel down while the priest was there, she might remain in her father's room. Watching with intense earnestness every motion of the priest, wondering with childish curiosity what that was which he was taking out of the little gold "watch," she saw, as he raised the host, to the words of the solemn *Ecce Agnus Dei*—what? a plain, opaque white wafer? No; but there appeared to this little ignorant child's vision, as plain as the priest's hands that held it, an extended transparent ball, clear white and red, which reminded her, then, of a carnelian breastpin sometimes worn by her mother, and to which her little mind at once compared it. Such was the impression then; but as each after-year deepened, strengthened, and sanctified this "*nolli me tangere*" in her life, the manifestation assumed its true character—that of flesh and blood; appearing just as the hand does when held up before a strong fire or light. This truth was so stamped upon the child's mind, that it remained a fixed fact and an undying memory throughout her childhood; and as years ripened into maturity, all the reason, knowledge, and experience, together with the consciousness of being totally unworthy of such a blessed light, have never been able to efface the conviction from her mind, that a miraculous vision of the Real Presence had been vouchsafed to her. In her darkest moments of spiritual fear and wavering faith, this memory has always beamed as a star, not of promise, but of fruition. Two years after this event, she was sent to one of our religious institutions for education. At the first Sunday's mass, she watched with excited curiosity the communicants going to and coming from the railing, wondering (though with a latent intuitive sense) what it all meant.

* Numb. 17: 8.

After mass, her mind still absorbed with the same thought, she asked one of the Sisters: "What was that the priest gave you and the girls at the railing?" "Why, child," exclaimed she, "is it possible that you have never seen the Blessed Sacrament before this?" The light suddenly dawned. "Yes," the child replied; "but when it was given to my father, it didn't look like what I saw this morning." Even then she made no explanation. Something—what was it?—kept this naturally talkative little one silent; but the voice and the vision were with her through all her early preparation for that great event in the young Catholic's life; and at the breaking of bread, she, too, knew and felt that Jesus himself had been walking with her. Ah, happy, blessed day! No other joys—and they were many in her after-life—stand out so perfect and complete in bliss, so bereft of all alloy, as the glorious heritage of that day. But apart from such miracles as may be deemed private, or personal, of which the number is legion, the Church can point to innumerable pictures and shrines, through which God has been pleased to show the might and majesty of His will, thereby proving that there does exist a special *cultus*, wherein this power may be exceptionally verified, although we know that God is everywhere. Yet Scripture proves that there have always been privileged spots where God has chosen to bestow special mercies and favors; hence, as in the two visions of Jacob, and the Transfiguration on Mount Thabor, these places were thenceforth marked as sacred. "Take off thy shoes, for thou standest on holy ground." The early fathers recognized this truth, and denoted certain shrines for the devotion of the people, though, as St. Augustine says, "None can explain why greater miracles are wrought in one place, and not in another." It is a common belief that peculiar virtues lie concealed in certain material things; for

instance, there are precious stones that are believed to possess occult influences, through some mystical power hidden under their natural effulgence.

We have Scripture proof that the two precious stones, the *urim* and *thummim*, worn on either shoulder by the high priest Aaron, when officiating at the divine sacrifice, were endowed with miraculous power. They represented doctrine and truth, and "gave divine answers and oracles as if rational and endowed with judgment."* Therefore, when we find from the earliest dawn of Christianity a fervent devotion bestowed upon special representation of our Lord or the Blessed Virgin, and in tracing its origin, are met by some remarkable tradition, or, as in most cases, by authenticated historical records, as the true reason for such special homage, why should we not be as willing to accept the hand of God in this evidence, as we have done in antecedent mysteries? Anterior to the Christian era, the dawn of future devotion to the Blessed Virgin brightened the darkness of the sky of heathendom. The tradition of a virgin who was to bear a child, was a part of all ancient creeds. To the Druids of Gaul, who were considered the most learned in the theology of that day, we owe the first tangible evidences of the coming faith, which they illustrated by the enthroning of a carved wooden statue, in every respect analogous to the Christian type of the mother and child. To this they gave the title of *Virgini Parturae*, and offered it the homage of their religious rites. It was over the original cavern, in the centre of a dense wood, where the Druids worshipped, and offered sacrifice to their gods, that the ancient church of Chartres (France) was built by the first Christians; and enshrined therein, through all the subsequent transitions of change and additional splen-

* Annotation to verses 15-30 in chap. 28 of Exodus.

dor to this temple, the ancient statues ever held the place of honor, and received the veneration of the faithful for years. It was reserved for the iconoclastic spirit of the French Revolution to destroy this precious and invaluable relic of prophetic power. Among the Abnaki Indians, also, the early missionaries discovered that they held a tradition of a Virgin's Son, who had restored the world after the great deluge, and who would come again some day to live among men. Probably one of the earliest pictures to which miraculous effects have been ascribed, is that of the Blessed Virgin now in the church of St. Mary Major in Rome. It is believed to have been painted by St. Luke, and was brought by St. Helena from Jerusalem, and placed in the church by Pope Liberius. During the prevalence of the plague, in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, this picture was borne in solemn procession amid the chants and prayers of the people, and it is recorded that choirs of angels were heard singing around it the *Regina Coeli*. It was also on this occasion that the Pope, on the third day of the invocation, beheld the archangel Michael alight on the tomb of Adrian, sheathing his sword, "which was bedropped with blood," to give assurance that the plague had ceased. It was to commemorate this event, that the marble angel was placed over the castle of St. Angelo in Rome, where it still stands. Subsequent centuries, also, bear testimony to the many favors and miracles which were the result of the devotion performed before this picture. The *Madonna del Paradiso*, in the church of our Lady of Good Counsel, Genazzano, like the house of Loretto, was also borne through golden clouds, and upheld by the hands of angels, to its destination (1467), and testified its miraculous origin by innumerable curative and other miracles, that have been confirmed by the testimony, under oath, of contemporary eye-witnesses.

For those who are inclined to scoff at such credulity, we would remind them of the miraculous transmigration by the angel of Habacuc to Daniel in the lions' den;* of St. Peter's release from prison; of Elias to Mount Horeb, and other similar marvels in both the Old and New Testaments. Those who have read the interior life of Pierre Lacordaire, will here be able to recall the interesting account this illustrious orator gives of the novitiate made by his little band of earnest followers in the old convent of La Quercia (of the Oak). It was through his faith in the attested miracles and responsive prayers, for which this ancient shrine had so long been noted, that reduced him to prefer all the discomforts of its crumbling walls to any other home. Originally, this picture was a wayside offering, painted and hung upon a large oak tree, in 1417, on the campo Guazzano, in Viterbo, by the poor but pious artist, Baptiste Guzzante. The usual results of miraculous demonstrations, in the way of fervent piety, votive offerings to churches and religious houses, soon sprang up around this shrine, and it became a beacon for pilgrimage from the highest dignitaries to the lowliest peasant. Pierre Lacordaire, with all his genius and profound attainments, chose this Madonna as the patroness of his convent, and ascribed to her intercession all the future success of a mission which labored under so many material and spiritual difficulties in its infancy. "That piece of tile," he would say to the skeptical, "has obtained all our prosperity." He had the original faithfully copied by one of the band, who was an artist, and taken to their new convent on their return to France. After three hundred years of battle with time, exposed during many to the fury of the elements, this picture is said to preserve still its early freshness. It, together with the trunk of the oak to which it was originally

* Dan. 14 : 35.

attached, stands over the high altar of the church in Viterbo, and is still as piously visited by the faithful in the nineteenth century as it was in the fifteenth.*

Setting aside, for the present, the traditions and ocular evidence relating to miraculous demonstrations in particular pictures, which date from a very early period, we have the unanimous testimony of hundreds of witnesses in every grade of life, as sworn to before the highest judicial tribunals of Rome, in attestation of such facts in the eventful year 1796. These manifestations were not exceptional in behalf of one picture, or in favor of any special sanctuary; but the marvel was repeated in as many as six pictures in one day. These miracles were seen in the streets, in churches, and in various parts of the city and small country towns. Signs of life, expressions of joy, sorrow, and supplication, lived in the movement of the eye and light of the features in various representations of the Mother of God. Apart from the miraculous cures that followed the devotion of the faithful, greater miracles in the way of conversions in almost hopeless cases, and an increase of fervent piety, combined with general moral rectitude, were some of the results. It was the pillar of fire, awakening the faith of the people, and guiding them once again to the land of promise. More than any other place, have the sanctuaries of Rome been favored by these celestial lights. No one can dispute her prerogative of graces. Is not every stone within her boundaries consecrated by the tears and blood of countless throngs of Christ's own children? The prayers and sighs of delicate virgins, sainted prelates, and brave warriors, yet echo through the walls of the old Mamartine prison. Truly may the poet call her "the Niobe of nations." Yes; but a Niobe that no tears can

drown, no calamity crush, no ruin destroy—the *Eternal City*, that stands wrapt in the ægis of her seven hills, and over which forever smiles the *benedicite* of the Almighty!

Many of our readers remember the history of the miraculous picture of the Mother of Mercy in the church of Santa Clara at Rimini, and the great sensation and cry of "trickery and fraud" that followed the announcement. Yet, the investigation, though rigid and exhaustive in the extreme, failed to find in this, as in preceding cases, any natural causes for the marvel. "Let us allow," says St. Augustine, "that it is possible for God to do some things, the reason of which we cannot investigate; in such matters the reason of the thing is to be sought for only in the power and in the will of him who does them."*

Among a people whose appreciation of a high degree of art is so general, one might suppose that only such works as appeal directly to their æsthetic tastes, would be invested with these heavenly attributes. But, strange to say, those works which have most excited the admiration of connoisseurs—those upon which the greatest labor and time have been expended—every line and lineament of which have been wrought through a spirit of enthusiasm for art itself, or through the *animus* of divine love, as were the works of Angelico, Lippo, Dalmatio, and Fra Bartolomeo—men, who always fasted and prayed before they felt themselves worthy to attempt even the portrayal of a divine subject; yet, such gems have rarely, if ever knowingly, been chosen for this kind of mysterious communication.† Some inferior, unknown Madonnas, that occupied an out-of-

* Quoted in Northcote, p., II.

† Since writing this, I find mentioned, by Rev. Xavier Donald McLeod, in "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America," page 323, that the *Del Tioligno* of Raphael, in the church of Hoboken, N. J., is specially venerated, and her shrine honored by "many ex votos, in gratitude for graces, cures, and conversions obtained by her intercession."

* "Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna," by Rev. J. S. Northcote, D.D.

the-way niche in church or convent, blurred over with the dust of ages, and almost crumbling into ruin, have been generally the chosen media through which a gleam of heaven should be opened. The Mexicans hold in special reverence, far above the artistic gems that decorate their shrines, an ugly, black image of the Madonna, that dates from the conquest. Tradition ascribes special privileges and favors granted, as the result of devotion at this shrine. Guido, whose virgins were so lovely and lifelike that it was generally supposed he had been favored by a special vision of the Holy Mother, yet he "went every Saturday," says Mrs. Jameson, "to pray before the little black Madonna della Guardia, and, as we are assured, held this old Eastern relic in devout veneration."

In the early settlement of Montreal, then called Ville Marie, when some of the missionaries returned to France to collect material aid for the first church, among other benefactors, Le Prêtre, Lord of Fleury, heard their call. "He had a collection of ancient relics in the chapel of his castle. One of these was a little statue of Our Lady, by which it had pleased God to work miracles. This he determined to send to Ville Marie, where he hoped it would be more honored than elsewhere, as that town and colony were more particularly consecrated to the pure Mother of God than any other portion of the world. Being brought to M. De Fancamp, another member of the company in Paris, he was healed instantaneously of a dangerous illness, and then he vowed to labor steadfastly for the chapel, and headed the subscription list with a heavy sum from his own purse."* This little statue was installed with great honor, under the title of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. During the prevalence of a large fire in 1754, this "beloved and venerated shrine" was reduced

to ashes. Nothing was saved, picture nor altar furniture; all disappeared under the smoking ruins; all things save one. Beneath the ashes they found the little statue, not even discolored by the fire, but in perfect preservation. "The church was rebuilt in 1774, and still holds the religious heart of Canada," says McLeod. "Again was the precious relic installed with great honor. This famous image was of dark-brown wood, exquisitely sculptured, and after being the object of affectionate veneration for three centuries, was stolen by some infamous wretch in 1831, and has never been discovered."* The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe was believed by early missionaries to have been the main instrument in the conversion of the Indians of New Mexico. The annals of our Indian missions are replete with records of miraculous graces. I have space but for one, which I quote from McLeod: "Louis, a Christian Huron, taken by the sanguinary Iroquois, was condemned to be burned alive, but was saved by the Blessed Virgin. He himself told the Ursuline, Mary of the Incarnation, 'how, as he prayed earnestly to Our Lady for help in the night, he felt the knots of the sinew-cord which bound him loosening on his right hand. Then it fell off, and left his fingers free to undo the other knots, and so passing unseen through several hundred sleeping Iroquois, he, thanks to St. Mary, escaped to Quebec.' "†

Wayside crosses, also, upon which the storms of years have spent their strength, have given comfort and rest to many a lone, homeless wanderer, when kneeling in anguish before that blessed sign of redemption. Extraordinary and miraculous phenomena meet us in the various supernatural apparitions of the Blessed Virgin; beginning in favor of the poor old paralytic woman in Puy, France, during the apostolic age of 46, on Mount Corneille, extending through

* Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America, McLeod, p. 93.

* Ibid., pp. 135-137.

† Ibid., p. 45.

every subsequent age, down to our own day, in La Salette and Lourdes. Were these trails of glory substantiated alone by the fallible testimony of the credulous devotee, we would be at perfect liberty to reject them. But the source from which they come indorses and stamps their heavenly origin by the results. The blind see, the lame walk, the sick are healed. Hearts blackened by years of sin are regenerated; souls hardened and grown arrogant in scientific subtleties and worldly learning, lay down their former antagonism to divine revelation, and cry with the publican, Lord, I believe. Thus are the weak things of the world used to confound the strong. The majority hear of these wonders, yet find difficulty in grasping the actuality of the picture. Thomas has more advocates than Peter.

The nearest approach to a complete realization for the skeptical of these verities, is to hear of such from the lips of a perfectly reliable witness, who has had direct ocular evidence of such phenomena. One of the most remarkable and elevating incidents in this connection, the writer feels now justified in recording here, as coming from the lips of one of the most distinguished prelates of the church in America. Now that he has passed to the actual realization of that vision of glory, which was granted him to see here, "as dimly through a glass," there can be no betrayal of confidence in giving his name, carrying, as it must, the strongest verification of the incident about to be related. During a visit made some years ago by the late revered Bishop McGill, of Richmond, Virginia, to the Continent, while in quest of every relic that could throw light upon the old archives of the faith, he was told of a marvellously miraculous picture of the Crucifixion, but then recently discovered, which could be seen in a certain old convent in ——. The circumstance of its discovery was

thus related by him. One of the lay sisters, remarkable for the sanctity of her life, had been sent to clean out and arrange the garret, in which was accumulated the débris of centuries; stored therein by generations of women, who had lived, prayed, and died within the walls of this mediæval structure. While arranging in order some old pictures and empty frames, the subjects of which were lost in the darkness of age, her attention was suddenly riveted upon one, that seemed to emit a peculiar light from out the ebon hue that covered its surface. Looking intently at it, while a thrill of awe ran through her frame, she saw, gradually emerging from the gloom, a distinct figure of the Crucifixion. As the lights and shadows increased, she beheld the form of our Saviour assume the appearance and action of life. The eyes looked at her, the mouth moved, and from the thorn-crowned head rolled down upon the face crimson drops of liquid blood. Falling prostrate upon her knees, in adoration of mingled awe and love, she watched this miraculous revelation, feeling almost tempted to believe it a delusion of her own senses, when she saw the darkening shadows again slowly creeping over the picture, the accessory details disappearing one by one, until only a dull black surface was again before her. Recovering her equanimity, she arose from her knees, and went directly to the superior, and told her story. It was at once attributed to the power of a nervous, overwrought imagination, strongly influenced by the place and associations wherein she had been working. But when, after a second and third day, she solemnly asseverated that the miracle had been again repeated, then the matter was deemed worthy of serious investigation, and resulted in the corroboration of the poor lay-sister's statement by other and more intellectual witnesses. From that time this precious gem held the place of honor, amid their collection

of holy things, and it required all the influence of fervent piety and responsible position and name, to induce the superior to expose for inspection this hallowed relic. Apprised of the possible difficulty to be overcome, the bishop yet determined to make an effort to see it. He was graciously received by the superior, and when his testimonials were given, and the object of his mission stated, she at once acceded to his request. "I must, however," she said, "prepare your grace for a possible disappointment, for many have knelt in fervent prayer before this relic, and yet have not been favored by the miraculous transformation; God, for some good reason, denying the boon to some, yet granting it to others."

The bishop followed her to the chapel, where on a small table, lifted out before the altar, she arranged the picture, placing on either side of it a lighted candle; then making her genuflexion, she left him alone with the mystery and his own thoughts. He knelt before it, and with the eyes of a scholar and philosopher, closely examined every part of the work. It could only be compared to a piece of black canvas, blotched and bleared with age. Not a line, not a tint, or ray of color, could be discovered. Then, he bowed his head, and prayed fervently that, if the will of God, he might be deemed worthy of being a recipient of this divine manifestation. After a few moments of meditation he raised his eyes, and was startled by an evident change of color. At first he thought it might be the reflection of the candles; so he changed their position. It made no difference. The phenomenon was there; light and shadow, form and tint, gradually developed; and the miracle of life, and sorrow, and bitter agony itself appeared, yet through all the woe, he was dazzled by the most divine beauty of form and expression, even though thus diademed in thorns and anguish.

The bishop could never tell how

long this ray from the eternal throne lasted. Feeling, deep as this, can take no measure of time. He was recalled to the present by the apparent dissolution of the picture. Light and life gradually melted away, and again only the old, blackened surface was visible.

Many are acquainted with the miraculous cures performed by the water of Lourdes. Probably one of the most remarkable occurred last spring, at the Charity Hospital of this city (New Orleans); the facts of the case being related to the writer by parties who had thoroughly investigated the subject on the spot, and of whose veracity and clearness of judgment there cannot be the slightest doubt. The patient was a poor young woman, who, suffering from some terrible eye disease, went to the hospital early in the spring (1874), as she was unable to remunerate outside physicians, and being a seamstress, her disease left her without any means of support. The eye, upon examination, presented the appearance of a ball of solid, offensive matter; and the humor from it was considered so poisonous by the physicians, that, after washing and dressing it, the nurse was obliged to carefully disinfect her own hands, before touching anything else. Upon examination and consultation, Drs. C—— and B—— concluded the case to be totally hopeless; but, in hopes of preserving the well eye, they thought best to destroy the little remaining sight of the diseased orb. Accordingly, they dropped nitric acid into it, which caused the woman most acute pain. Whilst she was in this state of suffering, one of the Sisters of Charity, in charge of the hospital, went to see her, and, by way of consolation and support, spoke to her of God's mercies; and in dwelling upon his miraculous power, related the latest confirmation of this, in the story of Lourdes. The woman was a Protestant, but possibly feeling that only through such divine agency

she could be helped, she told the sister that she could believe in this power, and willingly consented to say the stipulated prayers and have the water applied.

The next morning, then, the sister, with the nurse (who had been in the institution seventeen years), went to her, and after performing the religious requirements, the nurse held the eye open, while the sister dropped into it the miraculous water, when—*mirabile dictu*!—instantly, as they looked into her face, the ball of the eye turned completely over, and, in place of a mass of corruption, there beamed upon them a bright retina, shining with the intelligence of perfect vision! When Dr. C—— came, shortly after, to attend her, he stood looking at her in amazement, and said: "This is certainly not the woman whose eye I have been treating." On being assured that it was, he exclaimed: "What, then, has been done? who has taken the case?" and turning to the nurse: "I will give you," he said, "fifty dollars, if you will tell me who or what has wrought this change." "I will tell you, without money, Doctor; the hand of God, by a miracle, has cured her!" Then she related the circumstances to him. Soon after the other physician and students entered, and were equally astonished, for the case had excited great interest, as a marvel in the *materia medica*. They listened to the story; controvert it they could not; but while Dr. C—— unhesitatingly pronounced it a miracle, others shrugged their shoulders and went away.* "Though one should rise from the dead, yet they would not believe." The woman proved her gratitude, by uniting with the religion that had procured such blessings for her. She is perfectly restored, and again engaged with her needle, in a large establishment on M—— Street. One of the medical students, in admitting the fact of the miracle to a lady friend, said: "But the water had nothing to do with it, for I ana-

lyzed it, and found it entirely free from any chemical property. Prayer alone produced the result."

There is held in great reverence, at the Convent of Mercy in New Orleans, a relic of St. Edward the Confessor, that is specially efficacious in all forms of cutaneous affections. Readers of history are familiar with the healing power that in olden times was believed to be held by the reigning sovereigns of England, and how, on a certain day, hundreds afflicted with scrofula—then called "king's evil"—flocked to the court to have the healing hand laid upon them. So well authenticated was the fact of the beneficial results in many cases, that one might see herein "the divinity that doth hedge a king." At all events, the faith of the people remained stanch upon this point, down to the days of William and Mary, who, as Macaulay relates, actually performed the same ceremony on the day that had been appointed centuries before, spite of their rabid Protestantism and hatred of everything that savored of Catholic faith or usage. This relic of St. Edward certainly attested the power that once lay in the living hand; and, if space permitted, numberless instances could be related of wonderful cures of cancer, and pulmonary affections arrested by this relic.

It is not the province of this writer to enter into either a physical or philosophical analysis of this subject. To scoff is to deny the credibility of witnesses in every grade of life, under solemn oath, since the dawn of Christianity; or, still worse, it would circumscribe the will and power of God within the boundary of our own finite minds. The natural and supernatural are links in the great chain of creation that can never be severed. The present ever re-echoes the past. Thus God continues to repeat, as a lesson of humiliation for the arrogant, these same wonders, and the spirit of scorn and infidelity, now so prevalent, is met

by a reaction which again revives the identical spirit against which the Reformation hurled her destroying hand. The spiritual element withers and dies, or, at best, becomes a soulless body, when reason is its sole nutriment. Through the senses the heart, and all that pulsates with the purest, noblest throbs of humanity, are reached and vivified by faith and love. Those who have neither seen nor felt the effect of miraculous life in mutable works, can form no idea of the mystic influence they exercise over the chosen ones, whose spiritual eyes are opened to behold them. We have seen pictures of the old masters, whose art was so perfect that the inanimate canvas appeared almost imbued with life, and the supreme beauty thereof pierced the soul like a revelation from the Infinite. Think, then, what must be the feeling of that votary, who, kneeling in the anguish of penitence, or the exigency of some deep human grief, while sending up a pierc-

ing cry for solace; for strength, sees those "sibylline eyes" looking in soft pity down upon her; then, again, raised in petition, as if giving inaudible response to the wail of that suffering heart, while the whole countenance beams with a divine sympathy that bears the exaltation of a realm beyond this earth. To the scoffing and supercilious, such eloquent oracles are ever dumb; but to the humble and cultured votary, he who comprehends the true *æsthetics* of devotion, a cloud of glory will compass him, and beams of supernal splendor will wrap his soul in Elysium, and he will exclaim, with the Psalmist, "*This is the Lord's doings, and it is wonderful in our eyes.*" (Ps. 118: 23.)

The age of miracles past? Never! So long as the skeptic is to be overthrown, the arrogant confounded, God and his Church to be glorified, souls to be saved, and the eternity of truth to be preserved, so shall these wonders be, until all things are made manifest.

"THIS MRS. JAMES."

THE sister of charity, who had filled for the little child the place of mother, entered some time after, and found her thus. Looking at the fast-setting face upon the pillow, she said, softly:

"It is all over! Oh, happy soul!"

Mrs. James raised her head, gave one glance at the placid countenance of the nun bending tenderly over the dead orphan, closing the rayless eyes with charity's peerless touch, and another at the pallid face death had just transformed. Such life! such death!

"Oh, sister," she said earnestly, "the world fades before this!"

"Yes, dear Mrs. James," replied the sympathetic voice, as the touch of charity gently closed the little

mouth, "and God's dear will shines out triumphant."

"God's dear will! If I had called it that! If I had named it dear! Sister, do you know I have been living a mistake; and the last utterance of the little mouth you have just closed was a call to show me the truth. Happy and freed soul! Its innocence has wrought for mine the highest work of an apostle!"

How changed the stately woman, kneeling there with the sweet, humid eyes, and the tender, chastened expression of face! How unlike the proud, reticent Mrs. James, the simple, humble confession. The sister going on in her quiet work of composing the still limbs, and making the little dead saint's form as much

as might be, free from the woful marks left by earthly pain, gently ejaculated,

"Thank God!"

A soft sigh then flitted through her lips; a sigh only permitted to flit through lips of those whose lives are consecrated to God in religion; the only sigh on earth whose presence is not born of pain or grief,—ah! it is the sigh of the faithful soul that, having God for its dearest love, longs to see Him "face to face." This sigh seemed to the kneeling woman to penetrate through her very soul, to come like the swift flash of a beautiful ray of heaven's own light, and give her a glorious view of that interior peace purchased by such life as that of the consecrated religious. She said nothing; she kissed, with reverence written on her face, the clasped hands of the dead child, and then she left the spot where God had sent her call, to answer it truly in the real presence awaiting her on the Altar.

The little boy's flowers, the last offering of the childish and perfect love for God, stood before the tabernacle, their sweet life softly dying out in fragrance. With a tender thought of the little life just over, the fragrance of whose love for God could never now die out of her soul, she cast herself down before the feet of God, utterly, completely down; no vestige of her own will left; no pride; no hope of earthly comfort; all cast there, too, and, awaiting the touch of God's hand alone, for the end to their whilom dreams. Life entered into a new and marvellous phase, thus unquestioningly placed within the will of God; its enigmas became obedience to him; its pains became love; its sorrows, hope in him; its anxieties, faith; its most galling bitterness, only a likeness of the Cross. Crowned with the supernatural, this hated life stood transformed, and heaven smiled beyond. So, with this new phase elevating her soul, the humbled woman glided

from the altar step to the confessional, seeking God's will there, from the lips of his direct representative.

Above, the rich man's care draped the last cold bed of the dead orphan with costly drapery of white, and garnished its shining beauty with rare sprays, and wreaths, and clusters of smiling flowers. Around the face sleeping on the silken pillow, in transfigured sleep, whereof the smile shone out like the reflection of some angel's, through death's stillness, wealth was softly disposing white blossoms of fabulous price, because the true and rough heart of the owner recognized in that face the blessed face of a saint. Ah! higher above the spirit of the lowly child, who had died loving God, help heaven's voices to "rejoice" over its own last work on earth, as the kneeling sinner sought his will.

IV.

As the evening of that marvellous day softly closed its shadows around the world, Mrs. James, sitting near the pillow of the beautiful dead, told to Mr. Lawton and Paul, brought there by this good friend's kind thought, the following story:

"As I learned to-day, from the voice of an angel, just ready for its celestial life, how to place my woful story in God's hands, it is easy for me now to give you a view of its resting there, its aspect is so changed to me. I tell it to you, Mr. Lawton, because such trust is due to you, and because I meditated wronging you by flight from your house to-night. I tell it to my boy, that all which appeared questionable in his mother's conduct may be explained, and that he may see how different are the workings of God's grace from the promptings of human emotion. I hope the lesson may sink into his heart, ennobling his whole future, and from the miracle wrought in me by this little dead saint's love

for his God, I hope he will learn that even the slightest act done for him, is nobler than any achievement of earth's heroism!

"I belonged to a family of the refugees from France, who fled to Great Britain in the Reign of Terror, and, before that unhappy period, it ranked amongst the noblest in our native land. My parents died when I was quite a child, and I was adopted by Lady B——, who had always distinguished herself by her kindness to the victims of the civil war, and especially to our family, whom she knew in Paris in happier days. She was a widow, the widow of a representative of one of the noblest families in Great Britain, and had but one child, a daughter about my own age. We grew up together, received the same education and the same advantages. We loved each other like sisters, and no power on earth could have made me injure her, as I afterwards unwittingly did. She was beautiful, and gentle, and loving to a fault. And yet, through love, her heart was wounded almost 'unto death!'"

Here she stopped for a moment, and the first change which had yet touched the inexpressibly sweet calm her face had worn since the victory of the morning, swept over it in a tender shadow of regret, and vanished in a swift upward look of her dewy eyes.

"Mamma," whispered Paul, "does it hurt you to tell the rest?"

"For if it does, ma'am," put in the other listener, "Paul and me can take your word for it. You were wronged by some scoundrel, and we can just bring you home, and circumvent that there scoundrel, if it happens he's a-lookin' for you just now!"

At both utterances of the word "scoundrel," she winced; a proud look came struggling to her eyes, but was not allowed egress.

"Don't, Mr. Lawton," she almost besought; "don't! That is a

hard name, for what I—worshipped once! Let me go on with my story. In the absence of a direct heir to the title of the late Lord B——, the nearest male heir existed in the person of James Willoughby, a young man, who gave promise of becoming distinguished in the future by his talents, as well as his high rank. It was a favorite project of Lady B——, that Ethel, her daughter, should become his wife, thereby keeping up that direct succession in the family so much prized by the English nobility. When his course at college was over, he was brought to stay at her country-house, *en famille*, and thus was afforded an opportunity of seeing the beautiful Ethel, from that point of view in which she appeared to the best advantage, under the shelter of home's genial influence. She was not one to shine in society; even her beauty was of the modest kind which shows most away from dazzling scenes, and unaided by elaborate dresses; and her mind, though of the finest order, was too retiring to display its treasures to crowds. So the world never recognized her gifts; they were too genuine in their worth to meet the views of a judge who dealt in tinsel alone. James Willoughby came—I well remember our girlish estimate of him—handsome, winning in manner, and thoroughly educated; of splendid presence, and dressed in that faultless taste, which rejects display while it compels admiring notice. He was soon decided a hero by both, and too soon, without either knowing the other's secret, both loved him. That our hearts were so easily captivated, may have been partly the result of the fact that we had not mingled much in society, and knew but little of men. Lady B—— had concealed from us her wishes regarding Ethel, desiring it to be an affair of the heart, and of her own free will, but explained them to him from the beginning. He evidently sought to carry them out, paying to her all

those particular attentions a lover pays; and no one could have been more surprised than I, when, one morning, he made a declaration of love to me, and asking me to be his wife. Always naturally reticent, I did not reveal to him the state of my feelings, till I had asked and obtained from him what appeared then a satisfactory explanation of his conduct towards Ethel. It was to the effect, that he had merely been trying to follow out Lady B——'s wishes, of which I, for the first time then, became aware; that he knew Ethel did not love him, and that, as the time approached when he must ask her to be his wife, life grew positively hateful to him. He would explain to Lady B——. She was too reasonable to sacrifice her daughter and him to a mere whim; and the world knew, that, next to Ethel, she loved me better than any one on earth; and next to her would she have chosen me for the bearer of the proud title about which she was so jealous. Alas, alas, I became Lady B——!"

"Extraordinary!" This was entirely involuntary. Lady B——, a titled personage, governess to the child of the ex-crossing-sweeper! Nothing but that all-powerful polysyllable could have relieved Luke Lawton from the dreadful weight of the thought. And he had dared to try to be kind to this noble lady!

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—Lady B——!"

"For what, Mr. Lawton? I am sure the interruption was quite natural. It *was* extraordinary, that I should marry thus!"

"Not that, ma'am—not that. I think we all marry queer, more or less, and find out afterwards it ain't just all 'our fancy painted it.' But"—in his earnestness he stood up, and his burly figure, for the moment, assumed the attitude of a very humble and, at the same time, almost reverential petitioner—"I beg your pardon for any ways I may have

treated you, since you came to my house, as if—as if—well, as if you wasn't nobody particular!"

"And I," said she, with that charming air of courtesy and dignity combined, so queenly in its aspect, "*thank you*, Mr. Lawton, for the chivalric respect and unobtrusive kindness, with which you always treated your daughter's governess, and which was fit for the acceptance of royalty itself!"

"Extraordinary, ma'am! Excuse me, but your kind ain't the kind they're took to be, at all, if you're a sample."

"Do not mind my rank, Mr. Lawton. I should be sorry to think it should change your conduct to me in the least. I will resume my story now. I said I became Lady B——. In becoming so, I thought my lover sacrificed such portion of the property as formed Ethel's private allowance, to take me dowerless; and I thought she owned no more tender interest in him than that of near kinship. Lady B—— took the matter as kindly as could be expected under the circumstances, and, for awhile, I was happy with a happiness entirely unalloyed. In high position, courted and lauded by the world abroad, adoring my husband, and living for him, at home, I gave myself up to this life and its pleasures, thinking little of that beyond. I had been brought up in the Catholic religion, to be sure, as being that of my parents; but my husband and all connected with him were Protestants, and among them I lived as they did, not, indeed, influenced so much by the power of their creed as by the pomps of the world. But when my trial came, I paid bitterly for this.

"It began when Ethel drooped and pined away, with no apparent disease to take the life so dear to us all. Before she died, she told me how she loved my husband, and how life was nothing to her without him. And I alone knew she died of a broken heart, not consumption, as

the doctors termed it, for want of a better name. Too late, I found out that, with a heroism of generosity almost superhuman, she concealed the fact that he had declared a love for her equal to her own, and then unaccountably left her to marry me. This she did not even confide to her mother, and the manner in which I discovered it was very strange. She wore a little locket, and, drawing it out one day, she begged me to see that it would be buried with her. After her death, I clasped it round her neck with my own hands,—and yet, when the funeral was over, the old servant, whose task it was to rearrange the room where Ethel had laid in death, brought it to me, saying she found it on the floor. I could only account for this, by supposing that, in lifting her from the couch to the coffin, the clasp must have been snapped in some way, or else that my nervous fingers, unaccustomed to touching the dead, did not secure it properly, and the locket dropped. I opened it, and, through my tears, saw a perfect likeness of my husband. I put it away, regretting that her last wishes had been so thwarted, but did not find out its secret for years.

"I had not been very long married, when, as if the only circumstance which could cast a cloud upon our union was to vanish, in order to make me perfectly happy, I was declared heiress to the large estate of a relation whom I had never seen. The fact that I was dowerless, which I had always proudly resented, could now no longer trouble me. I placed the whole at my husband's disposal immediately, glad that it should be an offering of love; and knowing too little of business to view it in any other aspect. He accepted, with the air of a person to whom its acquisition was nothing for himself, but who would condescend to be its steward for me.

"After this, some happy years passed, only marked by Lady B—'s

death, and the fact that my husband, becoming absorbed in public life and becoming, also, one of the most distinguished politicians of the day, withdrew himself more and more from home and its influences; became more and more silent and grave in his demeanor; was proud of me, and of our boy, the only child vouchsafed to us, but never tender. This, however, I ascribed to his outside life, and never once thought of ascribing to want of love. But a crisis came, when all the secrets of the past entered into my possession, and I could then find no stay for my grief,—I, who had leaned on the world for my staff of life!

"It was a terrible revelation, and yet it came about very simply. Holding poor Ethel's locket in my hand, one day, as I was arranging a jewel-case where I kept it, I happened to drop it on the floor. It was broken in several pieces, and a folded paper lay revealed in a secret compartment thus exposed. I picked it up reverently, and with that kind of aching longing for some revelation from the beloved dead, which comes over us, if we see writing of theirs, even though we must know it was written before death, I opened it to read. Of course, I expected merely to see some loving inscription for the locket. Instead, I read, in writing I knew but too well, and signed with my husband's name—evidently the ending of a letter, and torn off it, to be preserved by the heart that prized it so:

"'For the rest, my dearest, you have my heart's best love; the devotion of a lifetime, all yours alone, shall be offered gladly to prove it.'

"And underneath his signature, in her trembling hand, was traced:

"'Stay with me always, O sweet words, now silent. Lie speaking on my heart, when it is dead, for, even in death, you shall not be parted from me.'

"I will not pretend to tell of my

outraged feelings when I read this, for it would be impossible. I will only tell you what I did. First, I went to my husband, my heart full of rage and bitterness. I upbraided and denounced him, pouring out all the rancor of my wounded pride, and all the terrible passion of my disappointed love, upon his startled ears. He did not flinch; he bore it all with a silence that maddened me, and when I had exhausted it, he said: 'I deserve all you have said, Lady B——.'

"'Do not call me by that hated title!' I interrupted; 'it is no longer mine.'

"'That is the mistake of passion,' he replied, his calm unchanged. 'I had hoped all precautions had been taken to prevent this revelation being made to you. As fate has thwarted them, the best thing I can do is to explain. You are born of a noble family yourself, and you have been brought up in one; you, therefore, will understand the necessity for such sacrifices, occasionally, and when you have heard my motives for what I did, will see that your position requires you to give up personal feelings, as regards the past!'

"'Never!' I cried; 'the thing with which you desecrate the name of sacrifice, will only be despised by me!'

"'Wait awhile till I have explained,' he said, still unmoved. 'When I was a very young man, I had the misfortune, let us call it, to fall into the ways that very young men of fashion do. I consequently became involved in debt to a degree that would have swallowed up Ethel's portion and mine too. Lady B—— did not know this when she proposed our marriage, and afterwards becoming aware of it, peremptorily forbade my continuing my attentions to her; I urged the fact that I had reason to believe she loved me, and met the reply that, even in that case, she was too properly trained not to know her duty. A college friend of

mine, about this time, revealed to me the fact, that, by the will of your relative, you would become an heirless to a considerable amount, only, however, to be paid over to you after your marriage to one of your own free choice.'

"'What dishonor!' I cried; 'how did he become possessed of such information?'

"'In the practice of his profession, the law, Lady B——, and he told it to me, because he was actuated by a desire to recover some heavy debts I owed him. The last clause of the will was to prevent adventurers from seeking your hand for money.'

"'Infamous!' I actually writhed now under his cool demeanor.

"'Picture to yourself the situation—the heir to a title requiring money to support its position, and plunged into debt beyond its means of rescue; rejected by Lady B——, and reduced to the alternative of sacrificing a career of fame and the opportunity of redeeming the past, or, on the other hand, marrying the woman I loved, against the express command of her mother, and thereby dooming her to a life of titled poverty. A man in my position is bound to sacrifice his heart, since, not alone are his own interests involved in the alliance he may choose, but the interests of his country and his posterity.'

"'And,' I put in passionately, 'to sacrifice, too, the hearts of such women as my noble and wronged Ethel! Oh! the sophistry of self-love's code of honor, which makes of such as she a victim, and such as I a tool!'

"'In this interview, Valerie,' he resumed, his detested calm preserved still untouched, 'it would be wiser to eschew the passion, which I know to be entirely foreign to your nature, for cool reasoning alone can prevent any ill-consequences from the untoward revelation of the past, which you have unfortunately discovered. I married you, knowing I could make

you happy, knowing of your prospective fortune, 'tis true; but giving you, in exchange, one of the proudest titles of the proudest nation in the world. I determined to be to you a good husband; I think I have been to you a better one, striving thus to fulfil the end of justice in your regard, than if I had been of the passionately loving style, who make you as miserable by exacting worship from you, and as indignant by jealousy, as they can possibly make you happy by love.'

"'And Ethel?' said I, with bitterest sarcasm, 'what was your conscience-soothing theory regarding her?'

"Now the calm so maddening to me was disturbed at last. He stood up from his chair, and paced the floor, wringing his hands, and with a sorrow no words could have expressed, written on his face.

"'Ah! you have nothing to say, there!' I cried, with triumphant malice.

"'Nothing!' was his sole answer.

"'Well,' I went on, unsparingly; 'your sophisms avail no more than if *nothing* had been your explanation in my case, too. I insist on putting an end to the detested union, by which I have been made the dupe of your ambition and the passive instrument of your service to "posterity" and "your country!"'

"He stopped in his agitated walk, and confronted me.

"'Valerie,' he exclaimed, in a voice of supreme determination, 'this can never be! Sooner than such disgrace should come upon the ancient name I have braved everything to keep unstained, before the world—'

"'Yes, and only *before* it,' I interrupted, furiously.

"'Even so, sooner than this; the insanity you have manifested to-day, is quite sufficient to suggest wholesome confinement, where reflection may bring reason, and, for the rest, I flatter myself, the word of Lord

B—— will accomplish all. But do not compel this treatment; let the past rest; be, for the future, as you have been so far, my honored wife. Simply, give me your word, that you will seek no separation, and I will forget all!'

"'Never!' I cried, beside myself with rage, 'for *I* can never forget one phase of your perfidy!'

"'Be it so, then,' he said; 'you compel me to it.'

"Before I could be aware of his design, he locked the door, and I was a prisoner in my own house!

"Every day, after that, he came and made me the same promises on the same condition. He even condescended to implore that I should relent. But I was immovable. I forgot what I have been re-taught to-day, that matrimony is a sacrament, and that, in leaving my husband, I would break the laws of God as well as man.

"Two months were passed thus, and then I escaped, through the aid of an old servant, with whom I communicated by means of my boy. This story may seem a strange one to repeat before such a child, but my passion made me represent his father to him as so much a greater criminal than he really was, that I think it but small atonement now, to tell him the true state of the case. Even, during my imprisonment, I must admit that he did all in his power to atone for the past, and it was only my absolute rejection of all his offers that made the imprisonment necessary at all. I sold my jewels through the servant I have just mentioned, and thus obtained passage-money for myself and Paul. I hoped to bury myself from English knowledge, in the vastness of this country, and the obscurity of a hireling's lot. I knew advertisements would pursue us here, and separated myself from Paul for the present, lest the description of him should aid in tracing me. I took the papers that so excited your curiosity, Mr. Lawton, that I might find out immediately the manner of advertise-

ments with which I was to cope, and take new precautions to meet them. This morning I destroyed all traces of Lady B——, on seeing what I am aware you saw also in all the morning dailies, and, to show you how low one acting under the impulses of human passion alone can fall, I will confess to you, I had made up my mind to leave your house secretly to-night, notwithstanding my previous solemn promise to the contrary. But God placed it in your heart to conduct me here, and the little child's last words showed me the true way to place my sorrow above the touch of earthly feeling. I 'brought it to God,' and he mercifully guided me to the feet of his minister, who has taught me my duty as a Catholic wife."

"Not, not," stuttered Luke Lawton, overpowered by the magnitude of the sacrifice included, "not to go back, of your own free will, without being begged by that there sc—I beg your pardon, ma'am—Lord B—— on his knees, so to do!"

She smiled. "These would have been my sentiments this morning, Mr. Lawton, and it is true, no earthly power could have induced me to comply with this duty. As it is, when this blessed clay," and she kissed tenderly the face, smiling from the flower-decked pillow, "is consigned to its quiet grave, *I will return to my husband.*"

"Oh! mamma! dear mamma! I am so glad!" and Paul threw himself into her arms, to be held tenderly there.

"And I hope the end of it will be, that the Lord will convert that there double-dyed villain," muttered honest Luke, wiping his eyes at the sight, "for it's plain to the reason of an innocent baby, he don't de-

serve any sich extraordinary proceeding as that there ordered by the church. Well, the church always was, and always will be, extraordinary, though the Andes and the Falls of Niagara both pitched into the Mississippi River, as a kind of astonishing put-up job, couldn't come up to the Catholic church!"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Lawton?"

"No, ma'am. I only wished to remark, I hope Lord B—— 'll be as happy as this extraordinary proceeding ought to make him. That's all!"

V.

It is a well-known fact in the fashionable circles, whereof Miss Belle Lawton is deservedly a bright, particular star, that "this Mrs. James" has lapsed in stylish gossip into "our particular friend, Lady B——, who corresponds regularly with pa, and gives us all the court news."

Across the water, in another fashionable circle of a different order, it is an equally well-known fact, that the beautiful and accomplished Lady B—— astounded the world by publicly professing the Catholic religion, on her return to London, after a temporary absence "caused by severe illness," and, after being persecuted by her noble husband therefor, in true, aristocratic style, had the temerity and evil power combined, to "proselytize" him. Alas! alas! the noble Samson was betrayed by a modern Dalila! Lord B——, pillar of Established Church, and prop of state in person, has "gone over to Rome."

But, in a circle higher still, angels rejoice that below, the now happy wife and mother has succeeded in "bringing" all "to God."

A LENTEN HYMN.

TO THE VIRGIN.

OH Holy Mother, thou hast been
With shafts of sorrow wounded keen ;
Oh Holy Mother, thou hast known
Love's heart-rent shriek, love's anguish moan ;
Then think on me abiding here
A prey to sin, remorse, and fear,
Though bold to dare, too weak to shun—
Oh supplicate for me, thy Son !

Unless thy prayers my hopes sustain
I feel my life is here in vain ;
Temptations ever prove too strong—
I know the right, but do the wrong ;
And learning's lamp but serves to guide
To darker depths of reckless pride.
Then, Mother, ere I'm all undone,
Oh supplicate for me, thy Son !

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

HYMNUS TEMPORE QUADRAGESIMALI.

AD MARIAM.

Mater Sancta, quos dolores,
Nati saevos ob labores,
Tu sub cruce stans sensisti
Vocem Ejus quum audisti,
Morientem et vidisti !

Per dolores istos tuos,
Per labores diros Suos,
Ne me hic obliviscaris,
Ne me mergi patiaris
Mali fluctus inter maris !

Saxis impiis allabor,
Mox in fluctibus vorabor ;
Cernens sane meliora,
Præfero sed nequiora—
Filiū pro me implora !

Luctans, luctans frustra gemo—
Me miserior est nemo—
Saxum peccati nefandum
Segnis sum ad evitandum,
Promptus autem ad tentandum !

Stellas possum numerare,
 Terræ intima narrare—
 Fax ut istius doctrinæ
 Ad superbiam in fine
 Barathrum ducat ne sine !

Mater ! ne sit vita vana,
 Nec perdar ut gens profana,
 Evitem ut nequiora,
 Semper quaeram meliora,
 Filium pro me implora !

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-
 ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

TENTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The progress of the fabrication of the "Church of England by law established," under the guidance of Somerset, the murderer of his brother, puts forth in startling prominence the entire catalogue of iniquity, and removes the slightest trace of Christian virtue and gospel. Hence the surprise of ordinary intelligence that men of sound mind could have ever dreamed about a misty connection between such a nauseous establishment, and the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.

HEYLIN.—"It was a sorry house, and not worth naming, which had not somewhat of this furniture (church) in it, though it were only a cushion made of a cope or altar cloth to adorn their windows, or make their chairs appear to have somewhat in them of a chair of state. Many made carousing cups of the sacred chalices, as one Belchazzar celebrated his drunken feasts in the sanctified vessels of the temple." (*Eccles. Restaurat.*)

SOUTHEY.—"Horses were watered in the stone and marble coffins of the

dead ; for never before, in any Christian country, had such demolition of churches been made. Three Episcopal houses, two churches, a chapel, a cloister, and a charnel house, were pulled down by Somerset, to clear the site for his palace, and supply materials for it. When the graves were opened, in this and other like works of sacrilegious indecency, the bones were carried away by cart-loads, and buried in Bloomsbury. The good feelings of the country were shocked at such sights ; and when he, in like manner, would have pulled down St. Margaret's Church, the parishioners rose and drove away the workmen." (*Book of the Church.*)

COLLIER.—"The lord protector thought there was no necessity of having two cathedrals so near one another as those of London and Westminster. He fancied the dissolution of the latter, as being lately founded, would be less regretted. Now, the revenues and buildings of Westminster were vast and magnificent. The dissolution gave a tempting prospect to the protector. This

nobleman, it seems, had a prospect of building a palace with the materials of the abbey. Benson, the first dean of the church, was glad to compound to preserve the society. To this purpose, a lease of seventeen manors in Glostershire for ninety-nine years was made to Seymour, the protector's brother. And to secure their interest farther, another present of almost as many manors and farms was passed, in a lease of the same length, to Sir John Mason for the protector's use." (Eccl. Hist.)

SOUTHEY. — "Who can call to mind, without grief and indignation, how many magnificent edifices were overthrown in this undistinguished havoc? Malmsbury, Battle, Waltham, Malvern, Lautony, Rivaux, Fountains, Whalley, Kirkstall, and so many others, the noblest works of architecture, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity, each a blessing to the surrounding country, and, collectively, the glory of the land! Glastonbury, which was the most venerable of all, even less for its undoubted age than for the circumstances connected with its history, and which in beauty and sublimity of structure was equalled by few, surpassed by none, was converted by Somerset, after it had been stripped and dilapidated, into a manufactory, where refugee weavers, chiefly French and Walloons, were to set up trade! One of the Popes, at King Edgar's desire, had taken this monastery into the protection of the holy apostles, and denounced a perpetual curse upon any one who should usurp, diminish, or injure its possessions. The good old historian, William of Malmsbury, when he recorded this, observed, that the denunciation had always, till his time, been manifestly fulfilled, seeing no person had ever thus trespassed against it, without coming to disgrace by the judgment of God. By Protestants as well as Catholics, the abbey lands were believed to carry with them the curse

which their donors imprecated upon all who should divert them from the purpose whereunto they were first consecrated; and in no instance was this opinion more accredited than in that of the Protector Somerset (who died on the scaffold). The persons, into whose hands the abbey lands had passed, used their new property as ill as they had acquired it. The tenants were compelled to surrender their writings, by which they held estates, for two or three lives at an easy rent, payable chiefly in produce; the rents were trebled and quadrupled, and the fines raised even in more enormous proportions, sometimes even twenty-fold. Nothing of the considerate superintendence which the monks had exercised, nothing of their liberal hospitality, was experienced from these *step-lords*, as Latimer denominated them. The same spirit which converted Glastonbury into a woollen manufactory, depopulated whole domains for the purpose of converting them into sheep farms; the tenants being turned out to beg, or rob, or starve. To such an extent was this inhuman system carried, that a manifest decrease of population appeared in the muster-books, which, in those ages, answered the purpose of a census. Such oppressions drove men to despair, and produced insurrections, which, by those who looked far off for causes that were close at hand, were imputed to the sun in Cancer, and the midsummer moon. The first rising was in Devonshire. It broke out in a village, on the day when the new liturgy was first to have been used; a tailor and a common laborer declared, for the parishioners, that they would keep the old religion as their forefathers had done. . . . The peasantry had been iniquitously oppressed, discontent prevailed over the whole country, and the reformation was odious to the great body of the people, both from their religious persuasions, and from a belief that it was the cause of all the evils to

which it had afforded occasion." (Book of the Church.)

COLLIER.—"The Oxford historian laments the mismanagement of some of the reformed divines of that university; that they went the last lengths of indiscretion and scandal; that both in their sermons and at disputations, they treated the holy mysteries in a very unbecoming manner; and thus the common people were encouraged to make a jest of the most solemn part of religion." (Eccles. Hist.)

BURNET.—"A bill was put into Parliament for ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Great complaints were made of the abounding vices and immoralities, which the clergy could neither restrain nor punish. . . . The temporal lords were so jealous of putting power in churchmen's hands, especially to correct those vices of which themselves were most guilty, that the bill was laid aside." (Eccles. Hist.)

COLLIER.—"This made Latimer press for the restitution of ancient discipline, in his sermon before the king. The English, says he, are infamous for uncleanness, beyond any other part of the world. Besides, they glory in their shame, and make a diversion of being wicked. Universal complaint was made of the sacrilegious invasions of the laity; that they seized and plundered the best preferments, gave two or three benefices to their stewards and huntsmen, but with a reservation of the profits to themselves. Thus they put such vicars that were not best qualified, but such as would engage upon the lowest terms, and afford the best bargain. The universities, which were to furnish the Church with proper guides, had no small number of students either erroneous in their belief or licentious in their practice. As to the service of the Church, it was performed in such a cold, lame, and unintelligible manner, that the people were little better edified than if the office were said in the Phenician or Indian language. Neither bap-

tism nor marriage were celebrated with that gravity the business required. That people are promiscuously admitted to the privileges of communion, without any proof of being qualified either in faith or manners. That they appear empty before the Lord, and take little care of the poor at their religious assemblies. That the churches are made places of commerce and diversion. Thus the fear of God, and the notion of religion, make a very faint impression; and hence it is that lying, cheating, theft, perjury, and uncleanness are so much the complaint of the times." (Hist.)

BURNET.—"Indeed, the sins of England did at this time call down from heaven heavy curses on the land. They are sadly expressed in a discourse that Ridley writ, under the title of the Lamentation of England; he says, 'Lechery, oppression, pride, covetousness, and a hatred and scorn of religion, were generally spread among all people; chiefly those of the higher rank.'"—(Hist. Refor.)

COLLIER.—"Ridley made a visitation about June (1550). The main business of this visitation was the taking down *altars* and putting *tables* in their room. The leading motive in this alteration, as Heylin conceives, was the giving in, in some measure, to the sentiments of Calvin and those of the Zuinglian persuasion. Some of these foreigners, it seems, made it their business to bring the English establishment to the model of Geneva and Switzerland. For this purpose, Hooper, who had no regard for antiquity, took occasion, in his court sermon, to suggest that 'government would do well to turn the *altars* into *tables*, that by this expedient the people would be cured of a false persuasion of the performing sacrifices.' The discourse was well received by some great courtiers, who practiced upon the hint, and, as it is to be feared, not altogether upon religious considerations. That inter-

est had the ascendant, seems not improbable, by the inquiry made some time after, what jewels, gold and silver plate, hangings and other rich ornaments and furniture, belonged to cathedral or parochial churches; with orders to leave only a very slender remainder. This alteration being resolved, a letter in the king's name was directed to Ridley, subscribed by the Duke of Somerset, Cranmer, etc. Ridley complied with the order; and afterwards, when there happened a contest about the Lord's *board*; that is, whether it was to be made upon the resemblance of an *altar* or like a *table*, he declared for the latter figure, and gave a precedent of it in St. Paul's Cathedral; where he ordered the wall standing on the back of the altar to be broken down. However, it seems this change did not make its way through all the kingdom, until the first liturgy (*which had been composed by 'the special aid of the Holy Ghost!'*) was set aside by act of Parliament. The first liturgy where, by the rubric, the priest is ordered to stand before the middle of the 'altar,' whereas, by the second liturgy, the priest being appointed to stand by the north side of the 'table,' put an end to the dispute." (Eccles. Hist.)

SIR JOHN HAYWARD.—"The king had two uncles, brothers to Queen Jane, his deceased mother, Edward, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, and Thomas, Lord Seymour, Baron of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England. Both were highly esteemed by the king; both fortunate in their advancements; both ruined alike by their own vanity and folly." (Somerset's wife, seeing her husband the first person next to the king, thought she ought to share the same pre-eminence in her sex, and take the place of the Queen Dowager, who had married the Admiral.) "The Duke, embracing his wife's council, yielded himself both to her advice and device for the destruction of his brother. Hereupon Lord Sudley (the

Admiral) was arrested, and sent to the Tower; and a very short time after condemned by act of Parliament; and within a few days after his condemnation, a warrant was sent under the hand of his brother, to the Duke, whereby his head was delivered to the axe." (Life of Edward.)

COLLIER.—"Notwithstanding the advances (*in destruction*) made in the English churches as to other matters, there was yet no system of doctrine formed for the standard of communion. It is true, something of this kind might be selected from the Homilies and Common Prayer-Book. But this did not discover the church sense in many important points, nor reach to all the controversies then on foot. The turning the altars into tables, abated the people's regard for the Holy Sacrament, and had no good effect on their devotion. While the altars continued, there was no occasion to prescribe to the people the posture for receiving. They kneeled, of course, and as they wanted no direction, so neither was there any appointment in the rubric touching the matter. But now John Alasco's congregation sitting, and the figure of the table having a less air of solemnity, made it necessary to set them a rule. But much greater alterations than this were now coming forward. The Common Prayer-Book was to be revised; Calvin, Bucer, and Peter Martyr, by making exceptions against the service established, had their share in bringing on this change. Calvin, who thought himself wiser than the ancient Church, and fit to dictate religion to all the countries in Christendom, had taken no small pains in this matter. Something of this kind has been observed already in his letter to the Protector. In another of his letters to Cranmer, he speaks disgracefully of the English reformation. 'That there was so much popery and intolerable stuff still remaining, that the pure worship of God was not only weakened,

but in a manner stifled and overlaid with it.' Heylin cites another of Calvin's letters to the king, in which he acquaints his highness, that a great many things were still out of order in England, and stood in need of reformation. Bucer was a strong second to Calvin. Peter Martyr agreed to Bucer's amendments, as appears by his letter, in which there are some remarkable passages. For this purpose, 'He gives God thanks for making himself and Bucer instrumental in putting the bishops in mind of the exceptionable places in the Common Prayer. That Cranmer had told him they had met about this business, and concluded on a great many alterations. But that which pleases me not a little, Sir John Cheek acquaints me, that if the bishops refuse to consent to the altering what is necessary, the king resolved to do it himself and recommend that affair at the next session of Parliament. To proceed, the Common Prayer-Book was brought to a review, and altered to the same form in which it stands at present, some little variation, etc., excepted.' (Eccles. Hist.) (It is little to be wondered at, that he who thirsted for his brother's blood, should find others to thirst after his. Hayward.)

SALMON.—"The Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower, and brought to trial before the Peers, being indicted for high treason in conspiring to seize the person of the king, etc., and with felony in conspiring to imprison the Duke of Northumberland, and two other lords who were privy counsellors. A warrant being at length obtained for the execution of the Duke, on the 22d of January, 1552, he was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill, where he made a speech to the people, and gave God thanks for the share he had in bringing about a reformation." (In pulling down, I suppose, so many churches, to furnish materials for his palace, and staining

himself with every iniquity, even the murder of his brother, to gratify the spite of his wicked wife.)

COLLIER.—"Notwithstanding the pretentious progress for retrieving the ancient belief, the people were little mended in their manners. We find the immorality of the times loudly complained of by Bacon, one of Cranmer's chaplains. To mention something of his remonstrance: 'What strange contradictions,' says he, 'is there between the life and practice of Christians! They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him, being abominable and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate. How lamentably are we overrun with hypocritical and sensual gospellers! Men who have their tongues tipt with Scripture expressions, can dispute very copiously for justification by faith, talk with great assurance of forgiveness by the blood of Christ, and boast of their being entered upon the list of the predestinated to glory; but then how wretchedly wide do they live of the rule they pretend to! How are they bloated, and almost poisoned with pride! Envy, malice, and revenge, are pushed to the utmost excesses in these people; they are licentious to the last degree, and deny their appetites in no instance of scandalous pleasure. Their avarice is without measure or shame; they never think they have multiplied their lordships far enough, mounted their revenues to the pitch of their merit, or swelled their fortunes to a sufficient bulk. Indeed, if we read them by their actions, we would almost think they had a mind to show themselves *heathens*, and had made it their business to live counter to their duty. As for distributions of charity, prayers, fasting, and other exercises of true religion, these counterfeit gospellers won't trouble themselves with anything of the kind. All their religion lies in language and dispute; but as for virtue and real effects, they are altogether barren and unfurnished.'"

D'ISRAELI.—“Our English Bibles, until the year 1660, were suffered to be so corrupted, that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errors. These errors, unquestionably, were in great part voluntary commissions, passages interpolated, and meanings forged for certain purposes, sometimes to sanction a new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all Scriptural authority by a confusion or an omission of texts; the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine merchants, contrived to accommodate ‘the waters of life’ to their customer’s peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in form as contracted as they possibly could, for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no Bible at all; and as Fuller, in his ‘Mixt Contemplations of Better Times,’ observes: ‘The small price of the Bible hath caused the small prizing of the Bible.’” (*Curiosities of Literature.*)

COLLIER.—“The reformation was somewhat intemperately carried on at Oxford. The visitors were so fond of novelty, that they ridiculed the University degrees and discouraged the exercises. They called the universities a seat of blockheads, and the stews of the w—re of Babylon; and the schools had commonly no better name than the devil’s chapel; and, after having marked this society in such an opprobrious manner, it is no wonder they left them nothing to abuse. We need not be surprised at the visitors breaking open the public treasury, and making seizure of the money, plate, and jewels. In short, many records relating to the privileges of the University were destroyed, and little with respect to discipline or improvement, to ornament or treasure, left remaining. . . . The crown in this reign had great accessions of wealth; the chantry

lands, colleges, free chapels, etc., amounted to a great revenue; to which we may add the seizing a great many manors belonging to cathedrals and bishoprics. Besides this, the lands of several halls and companies in London were charged with reserved rents, etc. But notwithstanding all these extraordinary provisions for the Exchequer, the royal revenues were considerably lessened, and the government was in debt to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Here it is plain, how untowardly the treasury was managed, and how far the courtiers served themselves of the king’s minority. The king’s fortune thriving thus ill, under such opportunities of improvement, it was thought fit to retrench the expenses of the court, and put down some of the tables, etc. But all this, though it carried a popular face, gave little relief, and fell short of the present exigencies. There was, therefore, a more serviceable expedient suggested. The council had been informed, that a great deal of the plate and furniture in churches had been lately carried off without warrant; that secular men’s houses were furnished with altar pieces and copes; that they drank in chalices in their entertainments, turned the consecrated plate to common use, and made a figure out of the plunder of churches. Now, to stop this invasion, and throw the remainder into the public channel, commissions were issued out to persons of condition in every county; that these commissions were executed to the length of their instructions, there is no reason to question. The king’s commissioners for gathering ecclesiastical goods held their session at Westminster, called the dean and chapter before them, and ordered them to bring in a true inventory of all the plate, cups, vestments, and other goods which belonged to their church. The piety of former ages, the solemnities of coronations, the funerals of princes

and noblemen, had ornamented this church with plate and religious decorations, and furnished it with officiating habits, to an immense value. But there was nobody so hardy as to lock the church doors, to conceal the treasure, and address the council. No, the order was obeyed, the holy furniture delivered, and a very slender portion of it returned for divine service. This Westminster precedent was followed at St. Paul's, and throughout the kingdom. The commissioners' business was to make seizure of all goods in cathedral or

parish churches, and thus all jewels and gold, all silver crosses, candlesticks, chalices, and ready money, were within their instructions. They were likewise empowered to carry off all copes of gold or silver tissue, and all other officiating habits or ornamental furniture of value. They were bound to leave no more than one chalice for the communion service; and as for other conveniences and embellishments, they were entirely left at the commissioners' discretion." (Eccles. Hist.)

A CHAPTER ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

THE subject of this chapter is one, no doubt, upon which already much has been written; and treating of it in its religious aspect, we presume to instruct neither the architect nor the scholar. However, without being instructive to the few, we may be interesting to the many, if we can only succeed in putting before them in a popular way some of the truths and ideas so often established and repeated by *masters* whose province it was to write on this matter in a purely scientific manner.

We believe, too, what a *certain professor* has written of classical literature in every language, applies to the classical works of architecture in every age. Of the one the professor says: "The classics of every language are those books which every one feels bound to talk about, but that so very few feel disposed to read." Of the other we might add, that they are those monuments of civilization which every one feels bound to admire and talk about, but of which few can tell in what their merits consist, or to what recognized order they belong. A chapter only,

on a subject so varied in outline, so minute in detail, cannot go much into particulars. The object is to give in a general way an account of the origin, progress, and development of artistic taste in church building—to give an outline by which to distinguish some features of the principal orders—the Roman, the Byzantine, the Gothic—under which scientific usage groups most of the productions of church architecture. In this and other countries, of course, there are churches belonging to no particular style, but are as it were the impromptu expression of the founder's or the builder's ideas. Such the reader cannot expect to be able to classify after finishing the chapter.

From the first it seems to have been man's ambition to raise monuments to his religious feelings, as well as to his domestic requirements and his fame. Wounded in his created perfection by the original fault, he retained ambition enough to aspire to the sublime and beautiful in art. To be able to realize the useful, the true, and the beautiful, time was

necessary to gather ideas and develop them; but developed they have been, and the works of man's hand testify to his capabilities. Counting years by the thousand before the Christian era—even in those far-off times—we find monuments of art accounted in the latter days among the wonders of the world. The Egyptian pyramids, the Hindoo temples, the Chinese oratories, the Celtic towers, speak in silent wonder to our age of how much had been conceived, how much executed, before the light of science or faith fully dawned upon the world. But though such progress had been made in this art, at so early an age, the acme of man's success awaited revelation to give outward and abiding expression to his Godlike impulses. Ancient temples may have been built in accordance with the heroic grandeur of an Eastern imagination. To them the Magi, the Brachman, or the Druid may have gone up to pray, but they symbolized little in plan or particular except what was of earth, earthy. To Faith and the Church was reserved the duty of spiritualizing the taste, and raising to heaven the soul with its aspirations. In the beginning, Catholicity had not such churches to glory in as sprung up afterwards in every land where the Cross had been planted. The commission given by him, who gathered together the twelve fishermen of the Galilean lake, was not to be executed at once. The last shadow of its ancient dignity was not to flit away in an instant, and expose the grossness of ancient superstitions. The mountain was to be gradually divested of its mystery, and the temple to exhaust its sanctity, and the synagogue buried with honor, before religion inspired art, and faith breathed an immortal spirit into stone, to be afterwards wrought into edifices called churches.

As the revealed truth was to contradict and consume the errors of paganism, the early Christians, acting up to their beliefs, would admit

into the style of their churches no peculiarity or association in common with the Jewish or heathen temples. After emerging from the catacombs they called their first churches Basilicas. They were mostly the episcopal or royal churches of the West, and in most respects of dignity corresponded with our modern cathedrals. The name *Basilicæ*, they took from the Roman courts of justice of that title. These civil edifices were built in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded by a colonnade, sometimes open, and at others covered at the top. They were principally used for the administration of justice, though oftentimes other public business was transacted in them. They corresponded, in fact, with our own houses of exchange. After the plan of these buildings, as we have remarked, the earliest of our churches were built. In outline or detail the religious and civil Basilica differed little, if any. The portion of the Christian church railed off for the sanctuary and altar, and called the chancel, coincided with that part of the civil court occupied by the judge's chair and throne, whilst two rows of pillars, which ran parallel through the centre of the building, suggested the idea of a nave with side aisles. Though exteriorly the early Christian churches might not be as imposing or grand as those of after times, still the interior was richly decorated; the walls were ornamented with paintings of the most expensive stamp, with mosaics, and with the choicest and most ancient marble pillars. St. Agnes's Church at Rome is said to be the best example of the old Basilica. Gradually, as time wore on, persecution ceased, the faith found a holier sanctuary in the hearts of men, and the church was growing in extent as in security, a more definite church architecture arose. Religion then would fain symbolize its meaning, and the cruciform plan, so appropriate, was adopted in the Eastern and Western

churches. From the old Basilica the transition was easy: for it had entrances at the sides, and by arching over those entrances, and throwing out wings to the left and right, the cruciform idea was at once realized. As we said, this was the first step on the way to ecclesiastical perfection in its architecture. As the Cross was the one emblem to which all believers turned with a common devotion, it was peculiar to none of the great orders of the art in any age or in any church.

Upon it, as the ground plan, might be reared the Italian or the Grecian Church, the Byzantine as well as the Romanesque, or the Gothic. In the churches of the West, however, the Italian cross was adopted, whilst in the East and Constantinople, the Grecian cross characterized the edifices of that country. As in plan, so in other details, did the churches differ. In the churches of the West, a square tower or belfry, afterwards developed into the steeple, arose from the points of intersection of the houses, whilst a dome or cupola capped the same points throughout the churches of the East. The dome or cupola was peculiar to the Eastern countries, and is to the present day a recognized feature in the style called the Byzantine, as it was at Byzantium, or Constantinople, the capital of the East, it was first introduced.

When the seat of empire was transferred from Rome to Constantinople in the year 329, the Romanesque style was introduced for the first time, combining traits of the Italian and Byzantine architecture. The characteristics of this order were the round Roman arch—the massive walls, in which were inserted small and simple windows, the doorways deeply ornamented in zigzag mouldings, and semicircular arches, the number of arches which spanned the interior, or rose to domes or arched buttresses through the church. In the Romanesque churches the nave terminated in a semicircular choir around

and behind the principal altar; and when such is the arrangement, instead of the chancel, the space so inclosed was called the apse.¹ The new cathedral just completed at Thurles, according to the superior taste of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, of Cashel, comprises more of the Romanesque features than we remember to have seen in any other church. Of this style, the Roman and Grecian, the Saxon and Norman, were different modifications, and therefore belong to the Romanesque order.

The great style called the Gothic or Ogival, was introduced into Great Britain from the central provinces of France. The date of its origin is not so fixed as in the other named orders. From the sixth to the twelfth century it developed itself, and at the latter date it was well defined and adopted as a system. From that time onwards it took its flight during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and the fifteenth, which was the period of its highest perfection, was also towards its close the season of its decline. In the twelfth century it was called in Great Britain the early *English* style; in the next, the *pure* or *decorated*; and in the fifteenth, on account of the perpendicular lines in the tracery of doors and windows, it was named the *perpendicular Gothic*.

The peculiarities of this style at those different periods we cannot enter upon for the present, as it would be beyond our general purpose. From the old Roman or Grecian churches the Gothic differed in many respects. Stability and ornament were sought for in the former by the use of materials massive in size, and bound together in the simplest manner. In the latter, the architect worked his will with the use of very small stones, which a Roman or a Grecian builder would despise, and sought to add strength and beauty, not so much by the pressure of column or lintel, as from a scientific

adjustment of ribs and thrusts of pointed arches, operating in various directions towards the support and symmetry of the entire building. The clustered pillars, the pointed arch, and branching roof, together with a number of spires and pinnacles pointing to heaven in their airy minuteness, are the unmistakable expressions of the Gothic architecture. In Europe the finest specimen of a Gothic church is said to be Notre Dame, in Paris. It combines every variety of Gothic art, on account of the number of years it was assuming its present proportions, from the twelfth to the present century. In turn, the Gothic style gave place for many years to the various forms of architecture in vogue during the period called the Renaissance. This period set in with the sixteenth century, and evidently manifested a tendency towards the revival of classical or pagan architecture. It was the time when novelty captivated the minds of the million. Europe was reeling in the throes of a great revolution, as well in the sciences and arts as in religion. To the modern fanaticism, all the old institutions, social and religious, all the old monuments of art, were a contradiction.

The reformed architect, giving wings to his fancy, flitted past intervening centuries of mediæval architecture, till he lit on those fanes of pagan art, and thence brought back to a servile age all that imagination could picture would express the ephemeral nature of its devotion.

The abortive productions of church architecture that arose under the ægis of Protestantism, pointed the moral if they adorned not the name of the Renaissance period. Whatever is not a copy of the early Christian or mediæval church architecture, during the period to which allusion is made, is but the supreme expression of artistic imbecility. "We may copy," says a modern writer, "but we can no longer in-

vent;" and the same thing is true of almost every department of human thought, for we have been running new metals into our castings, artistic and intellectual, but it is the ancients, in most cases, who have furnished the moulds. The decline in art which followed the departure from Gothic taste, has been felt, and again the desire to revive it in all its ancient beauty is at once perceived in the number of Gothic churches and civil structures of various kinds springing up on all sides. The followers of Pelladius in Italy, or of Jones in England, are no longer heeded when calling Gothic art of the middle ages by the name *barbarism*. A true taste assigns it a just appreciation, and it again catches the genius of the Christian architect. The grander vistas obtained in its churches, the spiritualized expression, the variety and the harmony, the logic and the meaning, are all peculiarities of this style, sure to revive it and give it lasting expression throughout the church's land.

And it seems to be the privilege of the Catholic Church alone to perfect and preserve its truth and beauty. Other churches, no doubt, attempt doing so, but they succeed so far as to degrade it, cut it up, and disorganize it in symbol as in expression, with stupid decorations never to accord with pure and simple taste. We are told that all perfection in architecture must grow from utility. Anything got up solely for ornament is false and tawdry. Taste and genius may be displayed in ornamenting a column or a capital, an entablature, an arch, or a window, but when any of these things are put up as an ornament alone, bad taste and incompetency display themselves instead.

The spirit and genius of the Catholic Church to restore Gothic art in her temples have full expression in the number and kind of these edifices within her fold; or, perhaps, the words of the Dominican preacher on the same subject, with which we mean

to conclude, more appropriately and pointedly express the Church's instincts: "Let every arch," he says, "now be pointed; let every pillar spring up as loftily as a spire; let every niche be filled with images of saints and angels; let the high tower be uplifted, upon which swings the bell, consecrated by the blessing of the Church, to fling out on the air

around, which trembles as it receives its message, the notes of man's joy, or of Christian sorrow; and high above the tower let the pointed spire seek the clouds, and rear up to heaven, as near as man can go, the symbol of the Cross." Such is the Church's idea, and such the architecture of which she is mother.

TO A CHILD'S ANGEL GUARDIAN.

"In heaven their angels——"

THOU standest there, the child stands here;
I at his feet, so small and dear,
Worship thee, for thine image lies
Not in a picture, but his eyes.
I touch the child, and thou art near.

Thee, too, from him I can divine;
Far subtler thoughts in him than mine,
Snatches of song that he may sing,
Tears of the petulant little thing,
Translated in the calm of thine!

Thou dost interpret him, though how
To read I know not; read him thou.
Things in the little one that perplex me
With possible pain and wrong, and vex me;
What utter peace enfolds them now!

His hour of childthought hushed and mild,
Intense young laughter shrill and wild,
How sweet must be in thee, and strange!
Into angelic thou didst change
All that is birdlike in the child.

A change and not a change; but rather
These baby mysteries thou dost gather
And dost unfold within the veil
(Where sight and thought of mine must fail)
Turning the child's face to the Father.

THE HISTORY OF A VIOLIN.

A MAN was standing by an old clothes stall in one of the poorest and busiest streets in a large town. The watchful yet quiet looks with which he regarded a troop of school-boys who were near showed him to be the master of the stall, the owner of all the valuables which lay around in picturesque confusion.

Whether the pitiless wind blows through his gray locks or cuts his brown face with its piercing gusts, whether the sun shoots down upon him its fiery rays, or the rain pours upon his scanty clothing, turning the place into a tiny archipelago, there he is always to be found.

Who among us has not stood before such a stall looking thoughtfully upon the remains of greatness, of luxury, and of art, exposed to view. The ball dress, which, enveloping a graceful form, began its course amid lights and music, is to be found here, torn and spotted; surrounded by old glasses and cups is a vase of Chinese porcelain which has survived her companions, and, cracked and dirty, dreams of her own beautiful country.

On one side is a many-colored heap of ribbons, tassels, and artificial flowers; and on the other is a miniature painting, once set with precious stones, of which it has been robbed by a needy heir.

Here is a handsomely-bound pocket-book—who knows under what circumstances, by what fair hand, and with what joyful expectations first made use of? There a study-lamp, which, could it speak, would have much to tell us; and beyond it a portrait in oils, which smiles upon us, half-mockingly, half-pitily; and with these are many other things whose forms and uses puzzle us.

Our attention was suddenly ar-

rested by a man, who, with bent head, stood before the stall. Of his face we could see little, for his felt hat did more than fulfil its duty.

He was dressed in a close-fitting coat of no particular color, with the seams strongly marked, but carefully brushed, and buttoned up to the neck.

His well-worn trousers had once been striped; his shoes were hardly waterproof, for in one the seams had given way, and there was a large gap, which the man endeavored as much as possible to conceal by bringing the heel of the other shoe against it; we must not forget that he wore a pair of black kid gloves, mended and worn it is true, but yet they were kid gloves.

He raised his head, and thus gave us an opportunity for seeing his face. It was difficult to judge of his age. If we guess rightly, he might be about forty, and his face wore an expression of timidity and sadness which was very touching.

The deep wrinkles about his mouth told of sorrow, suffering, and disappointment. He plainly belonged to that unfortunate class of people who are ashamed of their poverty, and, in the shipwreck of their fortunes, cling to the straws presented to them by their own hopes.

Poverty is heart-saddening when, clothed in rags, it stretches forth its hand for an alms; and still more heart-saddening is it when it bears the appearance of a well-to-do citizen drawn helplessly into its abyss.

The man mechanically turned over a heap of books, writings, and papers, whose destiny seemed to be best fulfilled when they were forgotten. Presently he observed a small shabby book; judging by its title, a book of poems. A bitter smile

played around his lips, as, shaking his head, he turned over its pages. But he seemed riveted by its perusal; his eyes were more and more attentively fixed upon it.

"What do you ask for this?" he said to the vendor, who had long had his eyes fixed upon him, and now rushed towards the speaker with a rapidity very similar to that of the spider when she discerns a fly in her net.

"Eightpence, and not one farthing less, sir," was the answer.

The price was evidently too high, for he laid down the book and walked to the other side of the stall. Yet his hand involuntarily moved towards the volume of poems, and the salesman, observing this, resolved that there should be no abatement. After a little bargaining they agreed, and the purchaser produced two silver pieces from a green purse.

"Now," said the salesman, "as you have behaved so handsomely to me, I will do the same. Here is something into the bargain," and, after he had cast a look at the things by which he was surrounded, and saw nothing suitable to his generous promise, he took hold of a large basket which was near, filled with empty bottles, rags, and bits of paper, and, after a little delay, drew forth a broken violin.

Poor violin! how art thou changed! how shrunken are thy strings! and what bad company hast thou fallen into!

The salesman offered it to the stranger, with the words, "Perhaps the gentleman is musical, and," continued he, seeing the other inclined to smile, "if the thing is no longer fit to play upon, it is at least good for firewood." After a slight hesitation, the stranger took the offered gift and departed.

And leaving all the curiosities to be found at the stall, we will follow him. There was something timid and distrust in his manner of passing through the busy streets which might

have seemed remarkable. But who bestows a thought upon men of this kind, numerous enough in the streets of every large town?

He had taken his scanty dinner in an eating-house. Before he entered this place, he cast a look around him, and, once again in the street, he glided, as it were, secretly through the crowd. In the meantime, it had become dark; a fine, penetrating rain was falling; lights appeared in the shops and dwelling-houses; people hastened home. Here and there a star dimly sparkled in the heavens, soon to be hidden from sight by the heavy rain-clouds.

The streets were more and more deserted. The pavement became covered with mud as we followed the journalist silently into his dwelling-place. It was poor and simple. The only ornaments were some steel engravings, and the bust of a great painter. But no, over the chimney hung a withered bunch of flowers, tied with a rose-colored ribbon. The colors had faded and the perfume had fled.

He entered shivering, lighted the little lamp, and placed himself before his desk. Before him lay the books he would require. He sets to work; the pen is dipped into the ink, but his labor does not seem to be successful. He lays down the pen and stares vacantly before him. His eyes glide from the engraving to the bust and are finally set on the flowers. There must have been some secret power concealed in them, for he could not remove his eyes from them, and a mist seemed to rise up between him and them; but his thin hand drove it away and, with it, possibly, sweet pictures of former days.

"To-day," he murmured dejectedly. "How singular that I should find that little book exactly to-day, and there." He drew the little volume from his pocket. "My dear little early firstborn, what happy dreams I had with you, and how dearly I

loved you. Happy time of inspiration and of childlike trust! There is a recollection attached to every line, and every verse recalls my happy youth. What soft melodies do they sound in my ear. I now remember clearly where, when, and under what circumstances I wrote each poem. Yes! I was a poet, a youthful dreamer. What a chasm between that time and the present! But why these recollections?" he continued, after a pause. "All this has long passed away; I am sentimental this evening; I am sorry I bought that wretched little book," and with a bitter smile he threw it into a corner. "Now to work!" He then resumed his pen with a firm determination to begin his labors, for the time is but short; in three days a number of the illustrated monthly publication will appear, to the editor of which he has promised a contribution. But the mist again rises before his eyes, the letters dance about and mix with each other in strange fashion; he rubs his forehead, but the muse is obstinate, and his pen refuses to obey. He feels that he is unable to write to-day, and, to-morrow, what will the editor say when to-morrow he appears with empty hands?

He goes to the solitary chimney-corner, he blows the glimmering coals, he adds some wood to the fire, and places himself upon a rickety chair. He puts his elbows on his knees, and rests his head upon his hands. The wind howled around the house.

"It is more comfortable here," he said, as he sat by the cheerful blaze, with his eyes resting thankfully on it. And long did he sit gazing into the brightness, while the wild autumn wind roared in the chimney, and the flame flickered under its breath. But his stock of fuel was presently exhausted, and the dreamer waked from his dream to observe that his little store was gone, and that he must pass the rest

of the evening in a cold, fireless room. He looked around, and his eyes fell on the broken violin, which he had entirely forgotten. He looked at it with a kind of sympathy. One string still remained, but it was out of tune; there was a deep crack across the instrument, and three pegs of the handle had been broken off by some mischievous hand. It could not be repaired; it was fit only to throw into the fire, and thus sustain it for a few minutes longer.

The flames soon seized their new prey, and encircling it with their fiery arms, filled the whole room with sharp lights and shadows. The objects in the room assumed fantastic forms, and the owner of it was reflected in giant proportions. The wind roared louder in the chimney, as it sported with the flames; but he heard it not, for his ear was turned in quiet attention towards the hearth, as if he heard a voice proceeding from the flames, at first indistinctly, then clearly; first weak, like a sigh of complaint, then with a loud, clear voice. If you wish to know what this voice said to him, listen!

I have sunk into the lowest possible depths. Stranger, you have pitilessly given me a prey to the flames, but, at the same time, you have put an end to a bitter and aimless existence, and for this I owe you thanks.

I will tell you the history of my life. Sad like your own, it may, perhaps, be worthy of your attention. You will see what I was once, what I might have become, and what I am now.

I was born in Cremona. A great artist called me into existence. How many hours of care and study I cost him I cannot guess; but I remember that, as he fastened on my last string, his eyes beamed with proud inspiration, as holding me up, he exclaimed, "My masterpiece, thou hast a high destiny to fulfil!" And then he placed me quietly on a velvet cushion.

I observed near to me an object which in size and form was exactly like myself. We were sisters; the same hand has formed us both. There we lay both of us, without as yet having any idea of what powers were silent within us. We knew as yet that we were made to entrance and enchant, and through the ear to speak to the heart. Our future was dark and hidden. I cannot recollect the exact time at which an occurrence took place which made an indelible impression on me.

One day a young man entered the workplace, whose appearance had something about it which at once took the attention of the beholder. He had a high, noble forehead, and black hair. He stretched out his hand towards us, and took up my sister, who was nearest to him. After a few broken chords, he drew the bow slowly over the strings. He played for about an hour, but to hear him was to forget time and place. The expression he gave to the instrument was marvellous. It laughed and complained, it sighed and implored, at his will. The same expressive changes appeared in his countenance. His eyes sparkled with inspiration, his black eyelashes half closed, his pale cheeks glowed, and his breast rose and fell in delight. No doubt, he was a great violinist.

"I will buy this," he said, showing my sister to the maker; "I like it much. What do you ask for it?"

"A hundred guineas," was the short answer, spoken so distinctly, and with such emphasis, that anything like bargaining was not to be thought of,

"A hundred guineas!" said the young man; "that is a great deal—almost all I possess."

He placed it again upon the cushion, with a little shake of the head, and moved away with a kind of bitter smile; he approached the door slowly, and, as he held the latch, "I have not quite made up my mind," he murmured; "I will

come again to-morrow, and you shall know my decision." The man bowed low to his singular visitor, who, with a rather awkward salute, left the room.

And there we lay, enchanted by the wonderful things which had been discovered to us in ourselves. We comprehended what sweet melodies were locked up in us. Ennobled by the thought of what we were capable of, if any great artist took us into his hand, we formed the most charming plans for the future. How we would entrance and delight, while our voices, now clear as the song of the bird, now soft as the breath of the wind, should draw tears of joy and emotion from all who heard us. And we spoke of the stranger who had just left us. We had seen a tear in his eye—he had gained our love. Would he return, and would he take one of us into the large space outside, that was called the world?

The young man did indeed come back the next day. His step was rapid. In a moment, he had passed across the room, seized upon my sister, and said to the instrument maker: "Here is the sum you ask; it has cost me no little trouble to get it together; it is the amount of my savings for many years," and he looked at his violin with a joyful smile.

"We will never be separated," he said, "never! Hunger and cold may pursue us, but as long as this heart shall beat, I defy them both. Night-watching, want, incessant study, will all be pleasant to me. We will strive together after the beautiful, the noble, and may God reward our endeavors." And joyfully he left the room, and I was alone.

A short time only, and my destiny was decided. I heard the rattling of wheels; a carriage stopped before our large window, footsteps approached, the door opened, and a middle-aged man entered, followed by one of about five-and-twenty years

of age. Both were dressed after the newest fashion.

The elder man had a sparkling breastpin in his silk neckerchief, a heavy gold chain over his velvet waistcoat, and a number of rings on his fingers. But the freedom of his manner surprised me even more than the splendor of his toilette. The other had his hair carefully arranged, and was perfumed; he had thick whiskers, and might have been called handsome, had his face had the healthy coloring natural to youth. He seemed to be returning from a ride, for he whisked the dust from his riding boots with his cambric pocket handkerchief.

"Now, young man," said the elder gentleman, "since you, too, must bring your offering to the shrine of art, which, between ourselves, I think pure madness, I must indulge you. Choose a violin for yourself, but let it be a thing that pleases."

The violin-maker drew near. With a glance he took the measure of his two customers. "The gentlemen wish—"

"A violin, but the best you have in your shop. I do not regard the price, but it must be the best,—the best. It is fearfully hot," he added, as he wiped his forehead, "frightfully hot. A good thing we have a carriage, or we could not venture out in this boiling heat. How do you like my horses? They are a good English breed. And the carriage? The newest Paris fashion. They cost a pretty large sum of money," and he shook his head deplorably; "guess how much?"

All this he had said in one breath, and then sank exhausted on to a chair.

The young man bit his thin lips, and reached out his hand towards me. He tried a little air, but with small success. But that did not prevent the elder man from listening to him with evident pleasure. With his hands in his pockets, and his head bent, he glanced knowingly at the

violin-player, who met his look with a faint smile.

"Not bad, not bad! Bravo, bravissimo!" said the papa. "Now, young man, you must appear at the first good concert which is given. Your playing deserves a high place. How angry all these young fellows will be, who now consider themselves the heads of the company, when they are struck dumb by your performance. Ha, ha, that will be charming!" And his fit of laughing ended in a cough which changed the color of his not very pleasing countenance into shades of violet and crimson. "And the price?" he continued. "Ready money; I want no credit," and he struck his hand upon his pocket, which returned a clinking sound.

The young man reddened, and again bit his lip. The violin-maker smiled. The old man seemed to have a very high opinion of him. They soon agreed. I was packed up in a case, into which no ray of light could enter. I was placed in the carriage, and we went off at a swift pace. And here was the first period of my history.

What was concealed for me in the lap of the future? whether my ambitious dreams were ever likely to be realized, were the questions which chiefly occupied my thoughts; but, above all, I desired to know into whose hands I had fallen. My curiosity was very soon to be satisfied.

I found myself in a splendidly furnished room, containing all that riches and luxury could bring together. The rays of the sun were softened as they passed through the window-curtains; the mantel-pieces were covered with costly vases and clocks.

Mirrors gave back a tenfold reflection, and elegant arm-chairs and ottomans prevented a free course over the carpet, which was like a garden in which the most beautiful flowers lay strewn about.

But there was something cold and

repulsive in all this beauty. The eye seemed overloaded; the contrast of coloring was too sharp; different objects, which were in themselves beautiful, ceased to give pleasure, from the inartistic manner in which they were arranged.

There were no pictures on the walls. There were none of the evidences of the presence of a woman's hand ornamenting the elegant little tables. There was an ebony book-case; but it was carefully closed, that no dust might be able to penetrate.

Rows of French romances were ranged upon the shelves, and, though of little value, they were richly bound and gilt. They stood there like courtiers in attendance on some reception-day. I could not doubt it—I was in the drawing-room of some parvenu.

My young master did, indeed, possess some inclination and taste for music. But he failed in two of the requisites for those who wish to be true artists—studious habits and perseverance. Both these require sacrifices which he was incapable of making.

There were many days on which he never troubled himself about me. Sometimes there was a hunt, to which he was invited, and in which all the principal people of the town were to join; then it was a ball or a concert, at which he considered himself bound to appear.

On one of these occasions he became acquainted with a lady; they were mutually pleased, and their marriage soon took place.

Can we take it amiss if he now forgot everything else and passed all his spare time by the side of his bride? Ah! months had passed since I came forth into the world; months of painful expectation, which seemed to me as ages. Constantly inclosed in a narrow prison, I was incessantly longing for the day when I should be relieved from this state of inactivity, and my capabilities should be known and appreciated.

The dust lay thickly upon my case: I seemed hardly to exist.

“Ah!” I sighed, “if I could only be placed in the hand of an artist, a true artist, how happy I should be!”

But time moved quietly, like the ticking of the pendulum of the costly clock on the mantel-piece.

One day there was an unusual commotion in the house. Doors were opened and shut, footsteps sounded through the wide passages of the house, merry voices were heard in the so-long silent rooms.

A great entertainment was evidently in preparation. It was in honor of the marriage of the son of the house and his beautiful bride. I gathered that there was to be a dinner, and then a concert and a ball.

The principal people of the town were invited. The presence of a few men of talent was to add to the splendor of the assembly.

At last the long-expected evening arrived. Servants in rich liveries lighted the brilliant chandeliers, and arranged themselves in the hall and corridor. The whole of the house was decorated with flowers, and the lovely bride, hardly eighteen years old, almost eclipsed them by her beauty and freshness.

I see her now in her snowy dress; her only ornament the bridal crown, which was arranged with such seeming simplicity, and yet so artfully, among her dark curls, which were partly concealed by the long veil which floated about her face like a cloud. And then her beautiful eyes!—sometimes moist with tears of sorrow, sometimes glistening with those of joy. No; when I looked at her, I could no longer take it amiss that my master had neglected me for her.

The feast was magnificent, and as the tongues of the guests were loosened by wine, the sounds of merriment waxed louder.

The concert was now to begin. For this occasion I had been brought from my concealment, and was to be shown off. A young man then

stepped forth from among the guests. His countenance, upon which was the unmistakable mark of genius, showed traces of night-watchings and mental exercise.

The ribbon of an order was fastened to his button-hole; I immediately recognized him, and his instrument also. He began. The company continued to laugh and chat; at first they paid little attention to his playing, but he had not played long before all, as by an invisible power, were compelled to listen.

It was a soul-moving melody; gentle and subdued, wild and fantastic—sighing, laughing, weeping. It was the outpouring of the feelings which arose from the heart of the inspired young man, and found expression upon the strings of his instrument.

The bow merely moved up and down, the finger merely passed from string to string, and yet this alone was enough to produce a harmony beautiful as that of a choir of angels.

The piece was ended. Thunders of applause succeeded. There were few there whose hearts had not beaten with emotion, whose eyes had not moistened with a tear.

“Masterly! enchanting!” sounded on all sides, and all pressed around the young artist to offer him a friendly hand. Each proffered his homage.

And he? He stood there modestly, seeking to avoid all this flattering treatment. “The whole secret is in my splendid instrument, and my own feeling.”

His instrument—his splendid instrument! The violin then came in for a share of the applause. His instrument! From that moment I felt my own inferiority to my sister. Not in inner worth; certainly not. But fortune had given her to a man who knew how to appreciate and call forth her gifts, and to draw from her what was slumbering within.

My existence was passing in useless idleness, and yet there were voices of lovely harmony hidden

within me. And from that moment the fatal seed of envy was implanted in my heart.

Years passed away after this noteworthy evening. The time seemed endless. I appeared to be entirely forgotten. I was removed from the splendid saloon to an adjoining closet, and after awhile was thrown into a dark chest in a lumber room. There I lay, buried amongst old articles of clothing, and the spider wove his webs about my head.

Now and then sounds reached me from a distance, and I could guess a little what was going on during this time. The old master had died, and the young pair, whose union had been blessed with three children, had taken up their abode in the house.

Oh! how often did the merry silver voices of those children penetrate pleasantly to my solitude. I little thought how great a share they would have in my misfortunes!

“Oh! look there; what is that?” cried a little blue-eyed, fair-haired fellow, about eight years old. “What a curious plaything that is in the black chest!” “Oh! how pretty!” And the children climbed up to the chest, and having pulled me from my resting-place, their little hands were soon busy pulling out my pegs and jingling on my strings; but soon, one of the little ones, desiring full possession of me, stretched out his hands and tore me from his brother, and then, to the great delight of his little sister, he stood upon me. It was on this occasion that I got that crack, which was never quite cured.

Happily for me the children’s maid, who had for some minutes neglected her charge, now returned to them, and delivered me from the hands of these little Vandals, though not without screams and vigorous resistance.

But the matter did not end here. The eldest boy related the occurrence to his parents, and expressed his

great desire to learn to play the violin. His wish was at once granted—how was it possible to refuse the dear little fellow?—and then began a sad life for me.

The music-master came at twelve o'clock; a short man, with pinched features and a red face. It was an unaccountable circumstance that his watch was always a quarter of an hour behind the house-clock when he came, and a quarter of an hour before it when the lesson was finished.

Equally unaccountable was it that, in spite of the talent which his mamma discovered in him, the boy made little progress. The time of instruction was a painful time for a critical ear.

I could hardly recognize my own clear voice in the discords and false tones that I heard. I knew that I was out of tune, and rejoiced with the teacher and the pupil when the time came for me to be deposited in my case till the next day. Thus it was that my fair dreams of ambition were realized.

Years passed on. It was a cold, foggy autumn day, after a night of incessant rain. The streets were covered with mud, and the wild autumn wind howled through the leafless trees. Great handbills are attached to the walls of the house, and the passers-by who read them shake their heads and go on.

The marble floor of the entrance-hall shows evident signs of numerous visitors who enter without any ceremony, and there are wet foot-prints, even upon the beautiful stone stairs.

And the drawing-room; how desolate it looks! Not a single piece of furniture is remaining in its place. Everything has been moved aside and cleared away; the handsome carpet is rolled up in one corner, and a ticket with a number is attached to it, as well as to every other article in the room.

And the visitors go about looking

into every place, from the attics to the cellar. They all seem busied in examining and feeling, and entering remarks in their memorandum-books; and then they depart unobserved as they came.

Nothing is sacred in this house, not even this room, hitherto the abode of happiness and peace, and which the merry voices of children were wont to enliven from morn till eve.

The great drama, with its smiles and tears, is ended, and a dark veil has fallen upon the players. But there is still one small room which remains private. And in this room sits the worn-down woman—the poor mother—with weeping eyes and pale cheeks. Her hands rest in her lap. Her eyes are cast sadly around; while her two youngest darlings are laughing and playing at her feet.

Her eldest son stands with his arm upon her shoulder. His face is pale; a tear is on his cheek, which he quietly wipes away.

"Be comforted, mother; I will work for you," he said, while his eyes expressed strength and determination. "I will work for you day and night; for you and—for my father." And his pale face became still paler.

"See, mamma," said the little girl, with a smile, "is not William good?"

And the mother turned her eyes to the innocent little one, and, while she played with her golden locks, smiled through her tears.

"But where is papa?" asked the silver voice, innocent of the pain she gave. "He used always to wish us good-morning, and now we have not seen him for three or four days—for a week. And why do we always sit in this dull, dark room? It is so much pleasanter downstairs. Are you angry with me, mamma, that you cry so?" And the child rose, and placing her arms round her mother's neck, began to weep, she knew not wherefore.

The old gray-haired servant sat in a corner, and shook her head in despair that she should have lived to see this day.

A dismal drama had indeed been acted, and the hero of it is far away over the roaring ocean. He fled away during the night, noiseless as a shadow; and from that time his office was forsaken, and the shutters closed, as if a corpse were in the house. The only person who remained was the head clerk, and he passed his days in examining the books and making vast calculations, the result of which was a hopeless null.

It seemed as if a curse were resting on the house, for those who passed it exchanged looks, and whispered about a fraudulent bankrupt, and flight, and shame. And these words were found every morning written in red chalk on the house-door; and however carefully they were washed away, the next day they were sure to reappear.

The house was now empty; the rooms were as silent, as the maid-servant said, as if they were inhabited by ghosts. Of all the pomp and splendor, of all the luxury of that house, nothing remained but here and there a piece of gilded paper, which hung in tatters from the wall.

And as for me—the unfortunate violin—I was thrown quite aside. Some purchasers had taken me up and looked at me, but each had put me down, with the observation that I had been a good instrument but was now quite worthless.

But at last a purchaser took pity on me. On this evening, as soon as it grew dark, the mother and children left the house.

The poor woman clung fast to the boy, who carefully led her along, while she pressed her youngest to her breast. Sobbing and tearful, the other children hung upon her dress, and so they left the desolate room and went forth into the wide, wide

world. Was I indeed quite forgotten?

No, alas! I was not forgotten. New dishonor awaited me, new humiliation. Fool that I was! my castles in the air were all swept away like dust before the autumn wind.

The day will come, I used to say to myself, when you will entrance and delight, for you are the favorite of the muses. Bitter irony! Would you know what was indeed my fate?

A dancing master bought me for a nominal price at the sale. Yes, a dancing master! A slight man with a handsome mustache and whiskers. He is always beautifully dressed, and his shoes are as bright as a mirror.

He is up very early in the morning, and hardly allows himself time for breakfast, for he has many scholars. Then begins a day wearying both for mind and body. Who can number the humors and fancies, the mortifications and humiliations he has to put up with in the course of it.

Alone, he hurries through the streets as if he fears to lose a moment of time. Perhaps he has a wife and children at home for whom he is earning the dear-bought penny, and for whom, in truth, he works from morning till night, and even when oppressed by care, and his heart is full of sorrow, he must yet appear with the same smile on his lips. And he is called unfeeling! He who, when his youngest darling had died, resumed his duties with his pupils the very next day. The old violin knew better. He always takes care of me and wraps me up in the black covering, and when he returns home, tired and exhausted, joyfully do the children come out to meet him with their greeting of happiness and love; and when he has been refreshed by his evening meal, then he takes me into his hand and plays such tunes that the young ones laugh with delight, and the mother puts her work down on her lap and laughs with them. And the eldest boy begins to tell about all he has

learned at school, and his father takes him on his knee and kisses his rosy cheeks.

"This boy must begin to study," he says, with a look at the mother.

"I will be a learned man," replies the little one, "I will be a learned man, and do those great things that we read about in books. Oh! how charming that must be. I will be famous."

And, after thinking awhile, he continued:

"Father, do famous men die?"

The dancing-master hesitated a moment, and answered:

"No, my child. Their bodies die, but their spirits live in their works. When you are older you will understand about this better than you can now, little golden locks. But now do not trouble your head about these matters, but go to sleep."

So the little scholar ran laughing to his mother and grandmother, who took him, singing, to his bed.

And when all was silent in the neat little room, and the ticking of the clock against the wall was the only sound heard, then would the husband and wife draw round the glimmering fire and relate to each other all that had happened to either through the day, whether of joy or sorrow, and would speak in whispers of their dreams for the future.

And their dreams were in process of time fulfilled. Thanks to his untiring industry, the dancing-master was able to save a good sum of money, and the boy, their pride and their hope, had grown up a fine young man, with a clear head and a good understanding. The old school-master declared him to be his best scholar, and was much grieved when he left him, though he comforted himself with the thought that it was best for him that he should do so.

"Study," he said, "and you will become a great man; but," he continued, his voice losing its firmness, "do not forget your old teacher,

and God be with you," and so he went out into the world.

Forward, ever forward! And I, poor violin, was daily declining, my destiny still unfulfilled. It was a painful feeling, but I knew that I was getting old and useless. My contemporaries were better off; for me time had only brought fresh wounds and bruises.

Often, as I lay neglected in my cover, I thought of the good old times before my sister and I entered the world. She had become famous, but my master had only given me a resting-place.

It was evident now that the dancing-master must soon retire, he was not so active and elastic as formerly; age was beginning to make itself felt. And then what would become of me? Shall I not then sink still lower?

What I had long feared now really happened. I was dismissed.

"One gets attached to an old instrument," said the good dancing-master. "I will hang the old violin on that nail in the wall as a remembrance of former times."

But his wife, a thrifty woman, sold me one day with some other useless things.

"What is the use of all these?" she said. "We must make a clearance."

And now began the last period of my life; I can hardly persuade myself to speak of it. In an obscure part of the town, there was a house which was always well-lighted, and from which sounds of merriment were heard.

There was an entertainment there, of which dancing formed a part of the amusement. Through a cloud of tobacco-smoke dim forms of men and women might be seen moving about, while music sounds from a kind of orchestra at one end of the room. Ear-piercing music, a clarinet and a grumbling bass, one always in advance of the other, and both overpowered by the tones of a creaking violin.

"The violin is out of tune," shouts a voice from above, "the violin is good for nothing!" But the composure of the musician is not to be disturbed.

Why should he be ashamed of his playing? And the ear-piercing music goes on. And I am that cracked fiddle—I, who first saw the light in Cremona.

And so I went into the corner of a ragman's shop. Thus low did I fall, and then you found me, and now you know the history of my whole life.

The clock struck six. The lamp upon the table of the journalist shed

a red light through the room, dimly penetrated by the daylight.

The journalist awoke. His book fell upon the fireplace; the fire had gone out, and a heap of ashes was all that remained. He rubbed his eyes and gaped, and seemed to be still in a dream. And by degrees the events of the last evening came before him, and he smiled a mournful smile.

He placed himself before his desk, dipped his pen in the ink, and began his long-deferred work. And first he wrote the title:

"The History of a Violin—a Fantasy of the Hearth."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dr. J. P. NEWMAN, the United States "Inspector of Foreign Consulates," finds time, amid his official duties, to write for the Methodist "Christian Advocate." In one of his articles he gives the results of his researches into the state of Catholic Chinese Missions. He says that there are now in China forty Catholic bishops, nine hundred and fifty priests, of whom five hundred are native Chinese; forty sisters of charity, with thousands of orphans under their charge; sixty colleges, with learned professors, and at least half a million of Catholic laity. This last statement one of our Catholic contemporaries finds reason to doubt, stating that an English traveller (not a Catholic) who has recently penetrated into the interior of China, estimates the number of Catholics in China as over a million. The latter estimate is probably much nearer the truth. In 1859 there were five hundred and thirty thousand in Cochin China alone. In 1861 there were in two dioceses only of Annam sixteen thousand who suffered martyrdom for the faith, and twenty thousand more who were, for the same cause, sold into slavery. Dr. Newman himself affirms that the still later persecutions have "weakened neither their faith nor their courage." He says that "at Tientsin the Catholics have survived the massacre. Their cathedral, at the junction of the Pieho and the Grand Canal, remains

a blackened ruin; but on the very spot where the sisters were so brutally murdered, a new chapel and orphanage are in process of erection, while in the Foreign Concession is their new cathedral, 50 by 150, surrounded by buildings for the priests, the nuns, and the orphans."

Of all the French cathedrals, that of Rheims, at present under restoration, is the most magnificent. It is 450 feet long and 93 wide. The height of the nave is 110 feet. The chief door is enriched by two beautiful rosaces and by statues and bas-reliefs of fine workmanship. It is said that the statues on the exterior of this church are 5000 in number, of which 600 adorn the principal entrance. Two noble towers, 250 feet high, stand on either side of the facade, and are surmounted by figures of angels and saints. The interior of the cathedral has a vast nave and many glorious stained glass windows. The pavement is very rich, being of mosaic. On the high altar is a picture of our Lady, by Poussin, and the baptismal font is that from which King Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was baptized. The cathedral of Rheims was begun in 1211 by Archbishop Alberic de Humbert, and was not terminated until late in the fifteenth century. It was in this church that Joan of Arc crowned Charles VII. The house, in which the famous he-

roine lodged whilst at Rheims, is still shown, and so is the fine hospital where she distinguished herself by her zeal and kindness to the wounded. Another fine church at Rheims is that of St. Remy, which is nearly as large as the cathedral, and remarkable for its splendid colonnade of white marble columns. The relic of the Holy Oil used in the French coronation ceremonies, is kept over the high altar of this splendid old Abbey, the conventual buildings of which are now converted into an hospital under the care of the Franciscans. Rheims is the primatial see of France, and has been the scene of no less than eight councils.

FATHER NUGENT, of Liverpool, is a wonderful man in his way. With small resources and with very rough and unmanageable material to work upon, he has succeeded in performing nothing less than marvellous feats among the poor of Liverpool. He is never tired of making public appeals on behalf of ignorance and destitution, and he is seldom unsuccessful. And why? Because he knows how to go about the work devolving upon him. Through his instrumentality an institution has been established in Liverpool, where the little Irish waifs and strays of the streets of Liverpool are clothed and fed. He has persuaded some hundreds of working men to abstain from public houses on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays, and to give a penny each in aid of his home. He has by this means accumulated more than a million of pence, and served those working men and their families immensely. Since the opening of this home one hundred thousand suppers have been given to destitute boys, and ten thousand boys have been provided with a night's lodgings. Many of those little ones have been also provided with situations in England, in the United States and in Canada. The home has dealt permanently with one thousand boys. There are now one hundred and sixty-seven boys in the refuge, and Father Nugent has taken the eminently practical step referred to above to provide additional accommodation for another one hundred and fifty.

THE appointment of the Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, as Cardinal, has been received by American Catholics with joy, as marking the love of the Holy Father for his western children, and also as another evidence of the growing importance of the Church in this country in the work of the Church Universal. The United States seems destined, in the providence of God, to furnish a safe harbor to those exiled from Europe for their religion.

His Eminence was born in Brooklyn in the year 1810, ordained by Bishop Dubois in January, 1834, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he also celebrated his first mass, and was consecrated Bishop of Axiere and coadjutor to Bishop Hughes. In 1847 he was appointed first Bishop of Albany, and presided over that See with wisdom and piety for seventeen years. On Sunday, August 21st, 1864, he was installed as Archbishop of New York. Here his works have been great and arduous. He has built churches, established communities of religious orders, established the Catholic protector, founding and orphan asylums and hospitals, and vigorously pushed forward the work of the splendid new cathedral which is now rising in majesty in New York: Such services are, indeed, well worthy of the purple, and Cardinals McCloskey, Cullen, and Manning will take the rank with the best in the Sacred College.

DECIDED steps have been taken to celebrate the Centenary of Daniel O'Connell on the 6th of next August. A national conference assembled on Tuesday, March 9th, at Dublin, where were upwards of two hundred persons present, including representatives of public bodies, reverend clergy, etc. The Lord Mayor took the chair. In his opening address he suggested that, as the Centenary would fall upon a Friday, it would not be possible to have upon that day a banquet, but the banquet might take place on the day following, Saturday. On the Thursday, the eve of the 6th of August, there would be a grand religious ceremony in the pro-cathedral, Marlborough Street. It was probable that prelates and distinguished men from all parts of the globe—including the illustrious Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, the prelates who had suffered for the faith in Germany, and also of America—would be present. A great musical festival should also be held, and a *conversazione*. An executive committee was appointed, a list of subscriptions opened, and a penny collection ordered to be taken up on St. Patrick's Day in the churches, the kind permission of Cardinal Cullen having been obtained.

THE German Society of Arctic Exploration has finally concluded to take the necessary steps for a new polar expedition, to sail in June, 1875, if the preparations can be made in time, otherwise in 1876. There will probably be two steamers of about three hundred tons burden, with crews of from twenty-five to thirty each, and the proper complement of scientific men. To one vessel will be intrusted the exploration of the deep fiords on the east coast, running into

the interior of Greenland; the other steamer is to push northward along the east coast in the direction of the pole, and send out sledge parties from time to time. The expedition will be provisioned for three years.

As there are no vessels fitted for the service in the imperial navy, it is probable they will have to be built or purchased from the merchant marine. The total cost of building is estimated at 150,000 thalers, with as much more for provisioning, stores, and instruments.

If the expedition can start during the present year, it will, of course, serve as a companion to the British expedition, the two possibly becoming auxiliary to each other in North Greenland.

A VERY important move has been made by Vicar-General Quinn and the Trustees of the Catholic Free Schools of New York City. They presented a petition to the Board of Education setting forth that 30,000 children attend the parochial schools of New York, being accommodated in more than fifty buildings, most of them large and substantial, and all provided for by voluntary subscriptions. They accordingly request a committee of the Board to meet a committee from them, in order to consider on what terms the said schools can be admitted to the benefits of the common school system, subject to its laws. A committee of seven was appointed by the Board to consider the communication and report. This action of the New York Catholics is timely, and will do much good. A similar arrangement, to that proposed, has for some time been in operation at Savannah, Ga., and at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and there seems no good reason why the claims of Catholics in this matter should not be pushed.

On February 25th His Eminence Cardinal Cullen celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate. The event was solemnized with great solemnity at Marlborough Street Cathedral, Dublin, when Father Burke preached the sermon, chiefly remarkable for its absence of eulogy on the Cardinal, an omission explained by the fact that it was at His Eminence's special request. During his episcopate Cardinal Cullen has earnestly labored to promote the cause of religion and charity. He has succeeded in abolishing the Irish Protestant Established Church and founding the Catholic University, and has so drawn the fangs of the anti-Catholic school system, that in many parts of Ireland it is practically Catholic. He opposed the Fenian movement on the ground of its inexpediency and futility, and although he incurred some unpopularity by this, the event justified his action.

THE persecution in Germany continues with unabated severity, nay, it increases. During the month of January, sixty ecclesiastics, including five bishops, have been fined, imprisoned, or banished, for being guilty of performing their spiritual functions! Forty-two laymen have been persecuted, twelve public meetings closed by the police, and several papers have been suppressed, and the editors imprisoned. In addition, it is now proposed to banish *all* the religious orders, and to withdraw the public allowances granted to the clergy, and guaranteed to them by the most solemn treaties and statutes. Nothing but the total destruction of the Catholic Church in Germany (if such a thing is possible) can satisfy the animosity of Bismarck, and answer the requirements of the "Liberal" party.

THE spread of the religious orders and congregations in the United States during the last twenty years has been very remarkable. The following particulars may prove interesting to some of our readers: Of the old orders of monks and friars, the Franciscans first entered the present territory of the United States in the year 1525, the Dominicans in 1539, the Carmelites in 1602, the Augustinians in 1790, the Trappists (reformed Cistercians) in 1803, and the Benedictines in 1846. The Jesuits entered Florida in 1565, have traversed all parts of the United States, and have missions and homes in seventeen different States. There are now seventy orders, communities, congregations, and sisterhoods represented in this country.

A BODY of forty-five Sisters of Charity, banished from Mexico by decree of the government, arrived in San Francisco, and on Sunday, February 21st, a large and enthusiastic meeting, composed of both Catholics and Protestants, met in Union Hall to welcome them to America, and to protest against the action of the Mexican government. General Rosecrans presided, Mayor Otis was first vice-president, senators and ex-senators were on the platform; and resolutions, expressing sympathy for the sisters, were drafted by ex-Governor Burnett. Speeches were made by Archbishop Alemany, Brother Justin of St. Mary's College, Father Elliott, one of the Paulists, who are just now giving a mission in San Francisco, and Senor Ainsa.

THE oldest Sister of Charity in the United States, Sister Ann Alexis, is dead. For fifty years she has been a religious, and for forty-

three years she has labored in the city of Boston among the orphan children. She, in company with two other sisters, and with the approval of Bishop Fenwick, opened a day-school, which by degrees assumed the shape of an orphan asylum. The present St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum was opened in 1859, but the institution had been chartered in 1843. Sister Ann Alexis died on the Feast of St. Joseph, having just survived her jubilee one week.

THE steady advance of Russia in Central Asia is constantly causing alarm to England. The Khan of Khiva is practically a feudatory and vassal of the Czar; year after year Muscovite legions are sent into the Tartar country, and it appears that a section of territory as large as Persia has been an-

nexed within the last twenty years; absorbed by slow degrees, piecemeal and imperceptibly. When Russia and England confront each other on the banks of the Indus, can the peace of the world be maintained?

ST. PATRICK'S day was observed throughout the United States with the usual parades and festive celebrations. Very Rev. Dean Byrne, the President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, however, wrote a letter dissuasive of these displays.

At Newark the Cathedral was consecrated by the Most Reverend Archbishop Bayley, formerly bishop of that See, now the esteemed Primate of the United States. Bishops Corrigan (Newark), McQuade (Rochester), and Williams (Boston), assisted at the solemn ceremonies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOMUS DEI. A collection of Religious and Memorial Poems. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1875.

It is pleasant in these days of doggerel to welcome the genius of song. It is good in these times of impure literature to greet the Christian muse, and Miss Donnelly, we need scarcely remind our readers, combines both in herself. Not long since we had the pleasure of reviewing her first volume of poems, "OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE," and now she brings us a second "DOMUS DEI." The name is aptly chosen for two reasons, first, because she seldom comes out of the sweet solitude wherein she holds converse only with rich inspirations, save to electrify the Church of God with the sweet religious songs which those inspirations have prompted her to give forth.

Again, this volume is published for the benefit of the magnificent church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Philadelphia, now rapidly approaching completion. What she has said to the reverend pastor in her beautiful letter of dedication, wherein she tells him that he has built into this church some of the best years of his life, may, with but a slight change of ideas, be repeated of herself, in that she has set into the material temple some of the brightest gems of her talents.

We would like to give copious extracts,

but can afford space only for the fine description of the character of the titular patron of the Church, the glorious Borromeo, and the beautiful appeal she makes in his name.

O friends! be generous; methinks, I see
A form go 'round among you timidly;

A shadowy form in mitre and in cope,
His saintly face illumed with faith and hope;

And as he stretches forth his holy palms,
And, like a noble beggar, asks for alms,

The angel of the past, with torch aflame,
Shows through the mist of centuries, his name,—

SAN CARLO BORROMEO! Him, the sage
Pius, the Fourth, raised, at an early age,

To such unwonted honors, that with pain,
The humble Charles protested,—but in vain;

For in his very meekness he displayed
The wisdom of the choice the Pontiff made.

And so the holy Will of God (not man)
Mastered the lowly prelate of Milan.

—No marble bishop in a marble niche,
But living poor that Christ's poor might be rich,

He, when the plague raged thro' his diocese,
At the high altar on his bended knees,

A rope about his neck—his meek head bowed,
And all the church a dense and weeping crowd,—

Offered himself, as no one else had dared,
A victim, that his people might be spared!

'Tis in *his* name and by his priest, dear friends,
We beg the means to work most sacred ends;

And under *his* sweet patronage we place
This holy temple to the Lord of grace.

Cast then your bread upon the waters wide,
And after many days, upon the tide

Of prayer, which shall ascend from this new shrine,
(Reared by *your* efforts to the Lamb Divine),

The rosy tide, the pure and healing tide,—
That floweth ever from the Wounded side—

It shall return, all fragrant from the skies,
Born on the silver ships of Paradise,

And in that sunset hour, St. Charles shall be
The pilot of that priceless Argosy!

We can but hastily refer to some of the poems of the volume, though in such an "embarrassment of riches" it is difficult to make a selection.

The Angelic Youth, page 19, is an enshrined statue of St. Aloysius in verse.

In the midst of the glow and glory
Of the golden month of June,
When the buds are all in blossom
And the birds are all in tune,—
What is there more delicious,
More fraught with childlike joy,
Than the feast of St. Aloysius,
Gonzaga's blessed boy?

In the blaze of a thousand altars,
He stands,—dear little Saint!
In his snowy, airy surplice,
And his habit dark and quaint.
His head a little drooping,
(The way he used to stand),
And his dark, clear eyes on the lilies
And crucifix in his hand.

A Sunset Prayer, page 24, is perhaps for richness of metaphor the masterpiece of the volume. We give two or three extracts as illustrations.

I.

At my window I have lingered till the light is nearly spent,
Till the breezes, dainty-fingered, sweep their viewless instrument,
And the day hath wandered westward, flinging roses as it went.

II.

In his royal state and purple sits the gracious sovereign sun,
And with faces veiled, but shining, float the clouds around his throne;
Floating ever and imploring till the solemn court is done.

* * * * *

V.

And that olden, golden legend seemeth written in each cloud,
Of Saint Catharine borne by angels in her pure celestial shroud,
While the breezes, winging after, sing a requiem aloud.

In *Lois's Guardian Angel* there is a thought so beautiful, in connection with a child, that we cannot forbear quoting it:

The dew of the Font on his soul is yet glist'ning,
And God's perfect love folds him close from all ill:
The music the angels intoned at his christ'ning,
Is filling his heart with its melody still.

Lines with an Easter Cross is a beautiful interpretation of the well-known chromo, "Easter Morning," while *Keeping the Fast* is a deliciously realistic sermon in verse. From *Patience*, page 48, we clip these stanzas, which are of an exceedingly original type of beauty:

* * * * *

Husband thy store of sunshine,
('Twere Cræsus-wealth to some);
Think, in the years of plenty,
Of the years of famine to come!

That when the flowers of fortune
Fall in the time decreed,
And the yield of the blighted orchard
Is poor and scant indeed,—

The charm of a glad acceptance
May swell thy sorry share,
And the joy of a graceful suff'rance
May bless God in its prayer.

He will not send a burden
Too great for mortal mould;
He will not fill thy chalice
With more than it can hold.

With an even hand he portions
Man's pitiful estate;
On every plebeian sorrow
Patrician angels wait!

Here is a charming poem picture of St. John the Baptist:

* * * * *

III.

The muse of Christian art delights
To paint thee near Our Lady's knee,
Her eyes of speaking loveliness
Turned tenderly, dear child, on thee;
Whilst stooping, as in sweet command,
The Infant Christ extends His hand.

IV.

But who shall paint, or who shall write
The bitter sweetness of that hour,
When, leaving in the Virgin's arms,
The Infant, blooming like a flower,
Thou, thro' St. Joseph's cottage-door,
Didst journey, to return no more!

V.

In vain among the clust'ring vines,
Elizabeth in tears might stand;
And wrinkled Zachary look forth,
His dim eyes shaded by his hand!
No human ties, however sweet,
Could bind thy little hermit feet.

Emanuel, The Martyr's Vigil, Pancratius in the Arena, St. Germaine Cousin, are fine specimens of descriptive portrayal, though they by no means exhaust the list, and *Love's Reproach*, which closes the first part, and which appeared in the RECORD for February, is soul-touching in its plaintive tenderness, which seems to come directly from the lips of our Ecce Homo, piercing like an arrow of contrition directly to the sinner's heart.

The second part of the book consists of *memorial poems*, which are all pervaded by a vein of true Christian sentiment.

The poem, *All Souls' Day*, which appro-

priately serves as an introduction, is highly artistic and beautiful. *Sister Mary Ignatius* is characterized by great beauty of thought. *Fr. Barbelin's Requiem*, reprinted from a former volume, and *The Tablet on the Southern Wall*, dedicated to the same venerated and saintly pastor, will be regarded as precious relics by his children at old St. Joseph's. While the elegy on Mr. Dos Santos, the organist for so many years at St. Mary's, will find a responsive echo in the hearts of all that congregation.

But the gem of these memorials, and a gem it is indeed, is a poem on page 87, *Her Picture, A. I. K.* What could the surviving friends or relatives of the deceased desire more acceptable than these exquisite lines?

* * * * *

She sighed in winter days :
 " Alas ! that Spring were here,
 To wake the bloom in orchard ways,
 And lilies in the mere ;
 To bless the icy streams, and wand'ring breeze,
 And hang new robes upon the haggard trees ! "

The Spring is crowned once more
 With violets and mist ;
 It wanders in at open door,—
 She does not see or list.
 It goes and stands beside her grassy bed,
 And blesses her and does not deem her dead.

The trees, so fair and strong,
 Tap on the window-pane ;
 And while the warm light breaks among
 Their leaves,—they sing again
 Of silver mere, and empty drifting boat,
 And torchlike lilies in the shade afloat.

And from the rustic bridge
 Where children are at play,
 The blossoms glimmer up the ridge,
 Where Winter went away ;
 Tracking his footsteps thro' a fragrant aisle
 Of daisy-buds, and wild white camomile.

Alas ! those snowy bells
 May fuller grow, and fair,
 And murmurs, like the voice of shells,
 Drift thro' the dreamy air ;
 But one young hand must miss the flowery store,
 And one young step shall press the bridge no more !

The woods may flush with bloom,
 The winds breathe from the sea,
 But bloom or breath shall never come,
 O darling ! unto thee !
 Until the Judgment-Angel bending, saith :
 " The morn is here ; awake, O child ! from death. "

The typographical features of the book are in excellent taste, and correspond near enough to the former volume issued by Lipincott & Co. The two give the appearance of being merely successive volumes of the same series, and not as they are, in fact, distinct publications, to which we hope Miss

Donnelly will not long delay adding a third.

CRITERION; or, How to Detect Error and Arrive at Truth. By Rev. J. Balmes. New York: P. O'Shea. 1875. Received from C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This production of the great modern Spanish and Catholic philosopher is a truly valuable acquisition to our English literature. It is said that when its author was yet an infant, his mother laid him before the shrine of the great St. Thomas of Aquin, offering him to God through the mediation of that glorious prince of Christian philosophers and theologians. The offering would seem to have been accepted, if we may judge of Balmes's productions, for we know of no writer who seems to be as much imbued with the spirit of the angelic doctor. Indeed, he always seemed to us to be an abridgement, if we may use the expression, of St. Thomas both in himself and in his works. The "CRITERION" is the translation of a Catholic priest, and is one of its author's simplest works. It is simply philosophy for the million—philosophy stripped first of all repulsive technicalities, and then invested with a charming attire that must attract almost even the unlettered reader. The work, though thoroughly Catholic in tone and doctrine, as all true philosophy must be, is not a religious but a strictly philosophical treatise, and religion is only referred to in as far as it is regarded as a subject for philosophic investigation. The beautiful and interesting manner in which the theme is treated should make it as a handbook of philosophy even more useful than modern simplified textbooks, which are now becoming deservedly popular in our academies.

THE LITTLE COMPANION OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, published by Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore, is an excellent compilation of beautiful private devotions, including the Little Offices of the Blessed Virgin and of the Immaculate Conception, in Latin and English. It is of very commodious size, and beautifully bound in black cloth with red edges.

For sale by Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.



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